

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 803



THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1885

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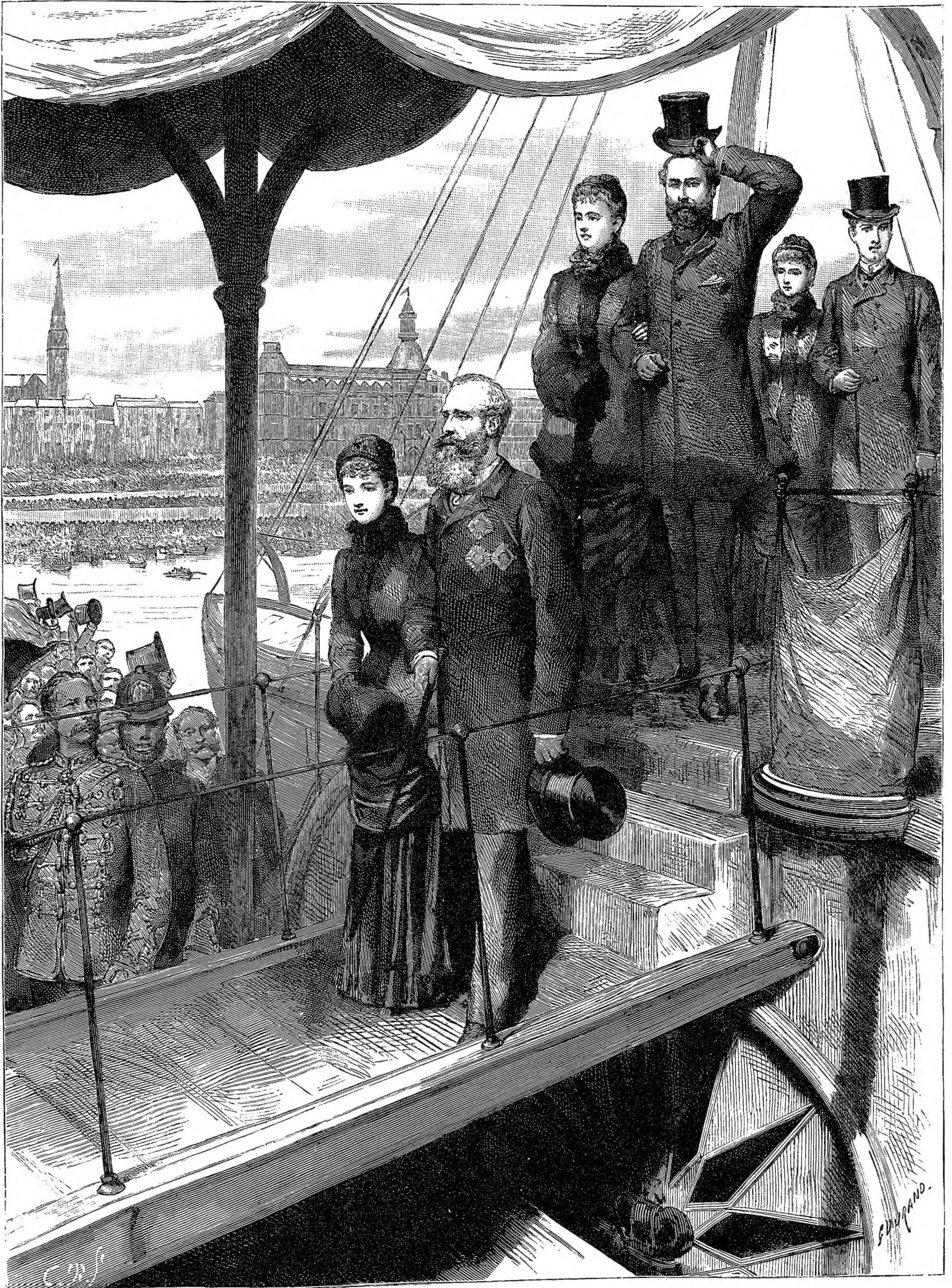
Princess of Wales

Earl Spencer

Countess Spencer

Prince of Wales

Prince Albert Victor



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND—THE LANDING IN KINGSTOWN HARBOUR  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



## Topics of the Week

**ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.**—It is still possible to hope that the threatened war between England and Russia may be averted, but more than that cannot, unfortunately, be said. For there is much reason to suspect that Russia resolved some time ago to force on a conflict with us in Central Asia, and that she is prolonging the present negotiations simply in order to complete her war preparations. General Komaroff's explanation is perfectly satisfactory to his own countrymen, and it has found defenders even in England; but, so far as an opinion can be formed on the evidence at present before us, there can be no doubt that he was guilty of an act of what Mr. Gladstone has called "unprovoked aggression." We are told by the few Englishmen who sympathise with Russia in this affair, that if General Komaroff was in the wrong he went beyond his orders, and that the Russian Government ought not to be held responsible for his misdeeds. If that is a true view of the case, the two Governments should have little difficulty in arriving at an understanding; for the Czar would be in no way humiliated by recalling a disobedient officer, and by ordering the evacuation of a territory in which his agents have so many temptations to act rashly and violently. It is, however, incredible that General Komaroff deliberately violated his instructions. The Russian Government often pretend that they are powerless to control hot-headed Generals in distant regions; but they have never put forward this plea except as a mask for warlike designs. If they really intend to take territory which in the opinion of the English Government belongs to Afghanistan, of course we shall have no alternative but to declare war. We are bound by our engagement with the Ameer, and even if we had entered into no such engagements we should have been forced to appeal to the sword for the protection of vital interests. In such a case as this arbitration is impossible. We cannot submit to any tribunal the question whether we are or are not to remain in India, for that is really the question now in dispute, if Russia is as hostile to us as she seems to be. But let us not delude ourselves by fancying that should war become inevitable we shall be undertaking an easy task. We may be approaching one of the greatest crises of our history, and there was never less excuse for the "light-heart" tone in which the matter is being discussed by some bellicose journalists.

**ROYALTY IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.**—There is a certain degree of cosmopolitanism about all capital cities, and Dublin is no exception to the rule. Anglo-Saxondom is more predominant in the metropolitan city than in other parts of the country, Ulster excepted, and therefore it would not have been unreasonable to expect that the southern province would receive the Royal Party with less cordiality than was shown at Dublin. Still, the Dublin reception was such an unqualified success—the harmony was so unmarred by a single discordant note if we except the curious little outburst on the part of the Lord Mayor—that the disturbance at Mallow and the riotous scenes at Cork are all the more to be regretted. The Nationalist Party in Parliament are evidently desirous of making as much fuss as possible over the Mallow incident. But what are the self-evident facts of the case? Even if we admit that the constables ejected from the platform certain persons (who were technically trespassers, as the railway authorities wished to be quit of them) with unnecessary violence, still the question remains, Who began the difficulty? And not even Mr. Parnell himself can deny that the Nationalists began it by assembling at the railway station, if not in an attitude of downright hostility, at all events as a counter-demonstration to the friendly welcome which was about to be accorded to the Prince and Princess on the other side of the rails. Some may say: "Would it not have been wiser to have left these demonstrators severely alone?" Well, perhaps, it would. But it is not easy to decide such a matter. Ireland is an inflammable country, and differences of class, lineage, and creed have scarred the surface of society with many deep chasms. A lamentable riot might have been the result of too great laxity. Altogether, the Prince's visit has certainly done good rather than harm. We may at once admit that the Prince of Wales and his wife are an exceptional couple, who owe their popularity quite as much to their personal qualities as to their exalted rank. But at the same time it is evident that the magic of Royalty still retains much of its ancient potency, especially when surrounded with the pomp and ceremony by which it is environed on public occasions. The moral we draw is that in these days Royalty cannot be too conspicuous. Its functions have become chiefly ornamental, and for that very reason it should keep perpetual touch with the people.

**THE SUAKIM EXPEDITION.**—Lord Randolph Churchill's return home at this critical juncture is heartily welcome, if for nothing else than his habit of blurting out what most people are only thinking. He did so on Monday, when he urged the Government to reconsider their determination to smash the Mahdi, irrespective of cost. Had the member for Woodstock been in England at the time when the sad news of Khartoum's fall and Gordon's death arrived, it is highly

probable that he also would have been carried away by the passionate sentiment of the hour to clamour for a war of revenge. For, put what fanciful colouring we may upon the matter, it is to avenge Gordon's murder that we are continuing the operations in the Soudan. If Khartoum and the northern and eastern Soudanese provinces were going to be retained, that would place an entirely different complexion on our doings, because we might then say that we were about to slaughter the Arabs for the subsequent promotion of civilisation and Christianity. But no excuse of that sort can be advanced so long as the Government adhere to their determination to abandon the Soudan as soon as it is conquered. Warfare becomes mere butchery when it is not prosecuted for any definite purpose, and Lord Randolph Churchill hits the mark when he confesses himself puzzled to understand the object of our grand Mahdi-hunt. Do Ministers themselves know? Do the Opposition chiefs know? Our unfortunate troops at Suakim evidently cannot form any guess on that head, or they would not be longing to get away to India before they are decimated by heat and monotony. In its present aspect the Suakim enterprise is a broad farce; it might easily become a terrible tragedy.

**GERMANY AND THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN DIFFICULTY.**—A good many Englishmen seem to hope that in some undefined way Germany will help us out of our present difficulty with Russia. But it is hard to see how the Germans could be of service to us. If Russia does not really want war, we shall be only too glad to come to terms with her; if she does want it, Germany could use no argument powerful enough to prevent her from fulfilling her purpose. Russia would no doubt shrink from a conflict with us if there was the slightest chance, in the event of an Anglo-Russian war, of her being attacked either by Germany or by Austria; but she is exposed to no such danger. The German and the Austrian Governments have their hands full at home, and an unprovoked war with Russia would not only be monstrously unjust, but highly unpopular. Some Englishmen, going to the other extreme, fancy that Prince Bismarck will do what he can to encourage the Russians in their hostile designs against England; but this opinion is quite as unreasonable as the opposite view. No one knows so well as the German Chancellor how much commercial disturbance would be caused in his country by an Anglo-Russian war, and we may be sure that, even if he would like to see Russia weakened, he has no wish to do anything that might tend ultimately to make the Nihilists more formidable. As for the notion that he would seize the opportunity to take Holland, it hardly deserves to be seriously discussed. Germany has trouble enough with Alsace-Lorraine, which she gained in a way that the world considers legitimate; but Holland could be gained only by robbery, and it would cause infinitely more serious difficulty. On the whole, then, the probability is that Prince Bismarck will stand aloof from this controversy, offering good advice to both parties, perhaps, but doing nothing more, for the simple reason that there is nothing more for him to do.

**CRIMEAN MEMORIES.**—One of the few advantages of growing old is that the veterans have seen the enactment of great historical events which are only known to the younger generation from reading and hearsay. The present crisis naturally recalls, to those whose memories are long enough, the crisis of thirty-one years ago, when peace and war trembled in the balance. Judging from the talk one hears, both publicly and privately, there are a good many silly folks about who discuss with delight the prospects of a tussle with the Great Bear of the North, in ignorance of the fact that his "hug" may be of a very dangerous character. But we do not think that there is the same bitterness against Russia which prevailed a generation ago, especially among the labouring classes and people of ultra-liberal opinions. Then Russia loomed luridly as the champion of absolutism. There were bitter recollections of the ruthless down-treading of Poland in 1831; and more recent, and therefore still more bitter, recollections of the crushing of the popular uprising in Hungary in 1849. And of this absolutism the Emperor Nicholas seemed the incarnate *beau idéal*. It is a mistake to suppose that, as regards the action of this country, the Crimean War was a war stirred up by the nobility and gentry. It was emphatically a war popular with the working classes, and for this reason all the more honour is due to such men as Cobden and Bright, who strenuously opposed the war, in contradiction to the opinions of many of their chief sympathisers in other matters. But now Russia cannot fairly be called the bugbear of Freedom; the son and successor of Nicholas emancipated the serfs, and much more would have been accomplished in the same direction but for the mischief wrought by the Nihilists, whose violence makes them the unwilling abettors of despotism. The British people now, therefore, have not the same excuse for disliking Russia that their fathers had. And it may be worth whispering in the ears of our Jingoists that we had allies in those far-away Crimean days. There was Turkey, not such a "sick man" as he has since become; there was plucky little Sardinia; last and greatest, there was France. Where are our allies now? We fear Echo may answer: "You haven't got any."

**THE MILITARY POSITION IN AFGHANISTAN.**—The general belief in England is that if war breaks out with Russia, Lord Dufferin will at once send an Army Corps to Herat to

fight General Komaroff in that neighbourhood. This assumption is rather hasty, we think. A British force on the Heri-Rud would be altogether in the air. If any disaster happened to it, there would be no means of retrieving it, or even of minimising its consequences, as our base of operations could not be nearer than Candahar. An equally grave objection is, that were a British force to march through Afghanistan before the people of the country had experienced the unpleasant consequences of being left to fight the Russians by themselves, the fanatical element would be very likely to regard the English as enemies, and treat them accordingly. Beyond the Helmund, and, indeed, for a good part of the way to Herat, the tribes are filled with fanaticism. Most of the Ghazis who cut up our troops at Maiwand came from these clans, and it was to avoid their possible hostility that Sir Peter Lumsden and his escort took a circuitous route on their way to Herat. Since, therefore, it would be a most awkward complication both for the Ameer and for us to have his subjects attacking our troops when employed in his service, we question whether any forward movement beyond Pishin would take place until considerably later. What we should look forward to would be the concentration of a large force at Pishin and Quetta, and possibly the occupation of Candahar, to release the Ameer's garrison for service elsewhere. The war, if there is to be one, will not be finished in "one, or two, or three campaigns," to use Lord Beaconsfield's memorable threat, and there seems little likelihood, therefore, of any attempt on our part to force the fighting. The longer the Russian lines of communication, and the shorter our own, the stronger will be our defence of India, and that is all we need to care about until the process of exhaustion has done its work on our enemy.

**DEMOCRACY.**—In the new number of the *Quarterly Review*, a writer who has been eloquently declaiming against Democracy sums up his ideas on the subject in an article on "The Age of Progress." With many of his observations all sensible men will agree. The maxim *Vox populi vox Dei* is, no doubt, as foolish as he says it is; and if there are, as he thinks, "devotees" of Democracy, it is certain that they are "much in the same position as the Greeks with their oracles." But does any one really suppose that the Democracy is everywhere and at all times right? The opinion of most of those who are in favour of democratic methods is, not that such methods provide an infallible remedy for social and political ills, but that, on the whole, they are better adapted to the necessities of modern life than any other known system of Government. And surely a very much stronger case can be made out for this view than the writer in the *Quarterly Review* is disposed to admit. Without appealing to abstract principles, may it not be fairly said that England has prospered in the truest sense during the present century exactly in proportion as she has adopted the democratic principle? She had ample opportunities of testing the merits of aristocratic rule, and it can hardly be pretended that the results were altogether favourable. The English aristocracy, when its power was virtually unchecked, generally maintained a splendid foreign policy; but at home it allowed innumerable abuses to grow up, which began to be swept away only when the first Reform Bill gave the middle classes a voice in the management of public affairs. The second Reform Bill permitted a portion of the working classes to be represented in the House of Commons, and the consequence was that Parliament almost immediately saw the necessity of certain social reforms which had previously excited little sympathy. Now that a third Reform Bill is about to come into operation, we are justified in anticipating that Parliament will display a still more eager desire to pass measures for the benefit of the community as a whole. That the Democracy will make mistakes we all know; but will its errors be more serious than those of Emperors, Kings, and Aristocracies?

**LORD MAYOR NOTTAGE.**—The weather this Eastertide was more than usually perilous for persons with any unsound spots in their constitutions, because the parching east wind was, as it were, masked by a bright and almost scorching sun. An effect, therefore, was produced such as prevails at Madrid—colds and coughs were scattered broadcast, and not a few succumbed altogether. Among these victims was the Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Nottage had necessarily been only a few months in office, but he fully maintained the high opinion of him which had been formed during his tenure of previous civic functions. He was full of geniality and good nature, and he worked manfully in the interest of the public. This is no small praise when we consider the heap of duties and responsibilities which rest on the shoulders of a modern Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Nottage's last act was an act of genuine heroism, fully as deserving of recognition as those deeds for which the bestowal of the Victoria Cross is deemed a fitting recompense. Although suffering grievously from illness, he could no bear that the eight hundred Bluecoat Boys should be disappointed in the receipt at his hands of their Easter gifts, and therefore he went through this long and trying ceremony, which probably exhausted his last residue of vitality. Whatever form the future government of London may assume, we need not despair of its Chief Magistrates if they are actuated by the same lofty and self-denying sense of duty as that which characterised Lord Mayor Nottage. Considering that the Lord Mayor only serves for twelve months, and that



the occupants of the post are usually men in apparently sound health and in the prime of life, it is not surprising to learn that no Lord Mayor has thus died in office since Alderman Beckford in 1770, and that only twenty-eight Lord Mayors have so deceased since the establishment of the Mayoralty in 1189. But an extraordinary mortality took place between 1741 and 1753, during which no less than five Lord Mayors died in harness.

**AYOOB KHAN.**—It would have been a bad thing for the Ameer had his cousin, Ayoob Khan, managed to escape from Teheran and join General Komaroff on the frontier. Although he rendered himself very unpopular when Governor of Herat by his cruelties and oppressions, Ayoob still has many followers in Afghanistan, who would be pretty sure to join his standard did he take the field with powerful support at his back. He is both the recognised leader of the Yakobzai party and the accepted champion of the more bigoted Mahomedans, who regard Abdur Rahman Khan as a renegade because he cultivates friendship with the English infidels. Moreover, Ayoob has distinguished himself in the field as a valiant and sagacious leader, and a character of that sort goes a long way to make its possessor a hero in Afghan estimation. Since the present Ameer came to the throne, his ambitious cousin has made two daring attempts to overthrow the usurper. In the first instance, he suddenly swooped down from Herat, and, being prevented by General Burrows from marching past Candahar to Cabul, he turned savagely upon the British force and utterly routed it at Maiwand. But Candahar held out against him until General Roberts arrived from his historic march from Cabul, and after a resolute battle, Ayoob was sent reeling back to the north. Later on, he made another attempt, and after defeating the Ameer's forces near Candahar, entered that city in triumph. He gained this victory, however, mainly through the defection of some regiments of his cousin's army, and when they afterwards changed sides in the next battle, Ayoob had again to cross the Helmund in hot haste. Such a man as this might work infinite mischief in Afghanistan, and the very fact that Russian influence has been exerted with the Shah to obtain his enlargement shows the value set upon his services by our rival.

**PAYMENT BY RESULTS.**—In the interesting debate on this subject in the House of Commons on Monday the principle of payment by results was vigorously defended; and it must be admitted that there would be considerable difficulty in departing from it at this late date. The principle itself, however, is unreasonable, and leads to some disastrous consequences. A teacher who depends for a large part of his income upon the number of marks obtained by his pupils in examinations is strongly tempted to neglect stupid children. He has nothing to gain by them, and, unless he is exceptionally conscientious, he does not waste his strength in the attempt to encourage them to make the best of their faculties. Clever children and children of average ability, on the contrary, he puts under constant pressure; and, much against his own will, he is forced sometimes to overwork them. That those who oppose the existing system occasionally exaggerate the evils to which it leads is probable enough; but it is obvious that examinations which children of the middle and higher classes ought to pass easily may be far too severe a test in the case of boys and girls who have not even the advantage of being well fed and properly clad. A far better plan would be to make the grant in each instance dependent on the general condition of the school. If that method were adopted, teachers would be able to go to their work with calmer minds; and, instead of overlooking the more backward children, they would have every motive for dealing with them carefully and tenderly. In a sense, there would still be payment by results, but the results rewarded would be attained without feverish haste, and would be all the more likely to be solid and permanent.

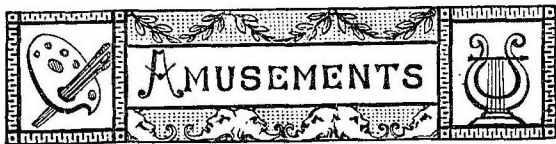
**NAMING ELECTORAL DISTRICTS.**—As a set-off to more weighty matters, there was an interesting little debate in the House of Commons on Monday concerning the proper method of naming the new Parliamentary divisions of counties. In a number of cases, where the names of certain obscure towns had been given to these divisions, Mr. Raikes thought it would be preferable to use the points of the compass instead of such names. To this it was objected that for practical purposes there are but eight points of the compass; for we are not likely ever to hear of a member for South-East-and-by-East Lancashire, though a seaman might relish such delicate distinctions. Ultimately the discussion ended in a compromise, Sir Charles Dilke agreeing that the localities in question should use whichever appellation they found most convenient. As far as the public are concerned, the chief practical interest of this topic is that it settles how the various members should be alluded to in the House. We venture to think that no great harm would be done if some of the old-fashioned form and ceremony were dropped altogether. The idea was that by adopting a periphrasis instead of a name personalities were avoided. But is this the case? Members who want to be personal can be just as personal when they talk of the honourable member for Mangelwurzelshire, as if they were to talk of Mr. Jones. And why should every naval and military officer be styled "gallant," and every lawyer "learned," or, for the matter of

that, why should every M.P. be *ex officio* honourable? There is a spice of humbug about these flattering adjectives, and sometimes, Heaven knows, they sound sarcastic. It is not impossible that M.P.'s would think less of themselves, and would therefore waste less of the public time in vain talk, if some of this verbal frippery were abolished.

**THE HYDE PARK MEETING.**—If the shade of the virtuous Odger was meandering and maundering about Hyde Park last Sunday, as its original proprietor was in the habit of doing when politically moved, the poor spectre must have grieved bitterly at the degeneracy of the age. Even in Mr. Odger's time a good deal of sad fustian was talked under the sacred Reformers' Tree. But those who attended the meetings were, at all events, full of earnestness, believing no less in their own methods of redress than in the grievances which these were intended to remedy. Who shall say the same of the absurd gathering brought together last Sunday under the auspices of "The Social Democratic Federation?" That august body itself is more of a simulacrum than of a reality, giving one the impression of a sort of tadpole creation—all head and very little tail. But when a number of presumably sane people meet in the broad light of day, and—without any appearance of having dined too well—gravely propose to reduce working hours all round without any proportionate reduction of wages, one reaches the very confines of extravagance. No wonder that, starting with such a programme as this, some of the orators allowed their senses to gallop away. The gentleman who expressed the fervent hope that he might live to see 40,000 working men "armed with rifles, and knowing how to use them," march into the park, ready to shoot all round, did not really contemplate any sanguinary proceedings. Nor did the other who suggested the propriety of slaughtering the colliery companies. These revolutionary outbursts are merely the perfunctory embellishments of Hyde Park oratory in its decadence, and simply mean that those who resort to them consider it a pleasant pastime to ape defiant Ajax when the sky is entirely cloudless. There is not a bit of harm in them; they are purely ridiculous, like diminutive crabs pinching the air as they scuttle away over the sands at the bark of a distant dog.

**NOTICE.**—"BOOTLES' BABY" is concluded this week; and next week we shall publish the first part of a novelette by John Coleman, illustrated by J. C. Dollman, to be completed in six parts, entitled "CURLY; AN ACTOR'S STORY."

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE SURPRISE AT BAKER'S ZERIBA, MARCH 22," from a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp.



**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING at 7.30. THE SILVER KING, by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman, produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Doone, Walton, Funtley, Fulton, Bernage, Gurth, De Solia, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Ormsby, Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Doors open at 7. Box Office 9.30 till 5.0. No fees. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.**—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING at a quarter-past eight, for a limited number of performances, the successful Play in Four Acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by B. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weathersby, Mr. Gratton, Mr. Thornbury, Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Dacre, and Mr. A. G. R. Y. Carriages at 1.15. Box Office open daily from 11 till 5. No fees. Telephone 320.—Matinee of PERIL, SATURDAY, April 18, at 2.0. Doors open at 1.45. Carriages at 5.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, COVENTRY STREET, W.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Lessee, Mrs. ANNA CONOVER. Under the Direction of Mr. EUGENE C. STAFFORD. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. A New Play founded on Ouida's Novel "Puck," entitled HEARTLESS, in which Messrs. Henry Alleys, P. Lyndal, J. Nelson, E. Girardot, A. B. Tapping, and Kyrie Bellaw; Misses Eva Sothorn, C. Mead, E. Miller, and Florence Wade will appear. Doors open 7.30. Farce at 8, HEARTLESS. Carriages at 11. Box Office now open.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.** EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at THREE and EIGHT. THE WORLD FAMED MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' TWENTIETH ANNUAL EASTER HOLIDAY FESTIVAL. EVERYTHING NEW FROM BEGINNING TO END OF THE MONSTRE PROGRAMME. Fauteuils 5s., sofa stalls 3s., area 2s., gallery 1s. No fees of any kind. No charge for programmes. Visitors can book from all stations on the Metropolitan and District Railways to the doors of St. James's Hall by asking for tickets to Piccadilly Circus.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.** SUCH a success as that which has been achieved by the distinguished American Humourist and Comedian, MR. W. P. SWEATNAM, has but rarely been attained on the English comic stage. Vide the Times, Standard, Post, Advertiser, Daily News, and Chronicle of the 7th inst. MR. SWEATNAM'S QUANT STORIES. AND COMIC DITTIES never fail to convulse the audience with laughter.

**BRITTON HALL, ACRE LANE, BRITTON.** Miss ANNIE MATTHEWS. Will take place on THURSDAY, APRIL 23rd, 1885, at the above Hall. Artists:—Miss EFFIE CLEMENTS, Miss ANNIE MATTHEWS, Miss SPENCER JONES, Miss HELEN HEATH, Mr. EDWARD DALZELL, Mr. WILLIAM COATES, Mr. JAMES BIRD, and Mr. FRANKLIN CLIVE. Solo Pianoforte, Mr. TURLIE LEE, Solo Violin, Mr. A. Lovey. Conductor, Mr. TURLIE LEE. Doors open at 7.30. Commence at 8 o'clock. Carriages at 10.15. Reserved Seats (Numbered), 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Messrs. Dunkley and Sons, Acre Lane, Britton; Mr. Poole, Music Seller, Tulse Hill; Mr. Cox, Keeper; and of Miss Annie Matthews, Goring House, Hayter Road, Britton Rise.

**JAPAN IN LONDON.** UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. Albert Gate, Hyde Park (Near Top of Sloane Street). SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS. 250,000 persons have already visited. TANNAKERS' JAPANESE HOUSES and Shops constructed and peopled by the Japanese, who may be seen engaged at their various occupations as in their own country. Daily, Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. ONE SHILLING. Children, Sixpence. Wednesdays, Half-a-Crown. Children, One Shilling. Japanese Entertainments at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free) Military Band.

**ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND** (Incorporated by Royal Charter) for the RELIEF of the WIDOWS and ORPHANS of British Artists.

PATRON—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. The SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on WEDNESDAY, April 22, 1885.

The Right Hon. Viscount HARDINGE in the chair. The institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the fine arts. Gentlemen's tickets, 21s.; ladies', 12s. 6d.; may be obtained of the stewards; at the bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 21, Garrick Street, W.C.

**THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS** by ARTISTS of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN at Thomas McLean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

**"ANNO DOMINI,"** by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

**ZEUXIS AT CROTONA.** By EDWIN LONG, R.A. I. "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY." II. "THE CHOSEN FIVE." These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS** from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday. From Victoria 10.0 a.m. Fare 1s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday. From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**PARIS.**—Shortest, Cheapest Route Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Return Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 35s. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c. Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit All the principal places of interest.

**TICKETS** and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 3, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By Order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND  
(See page 383.)

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

WITH THE WOUNDED ON THE NILE

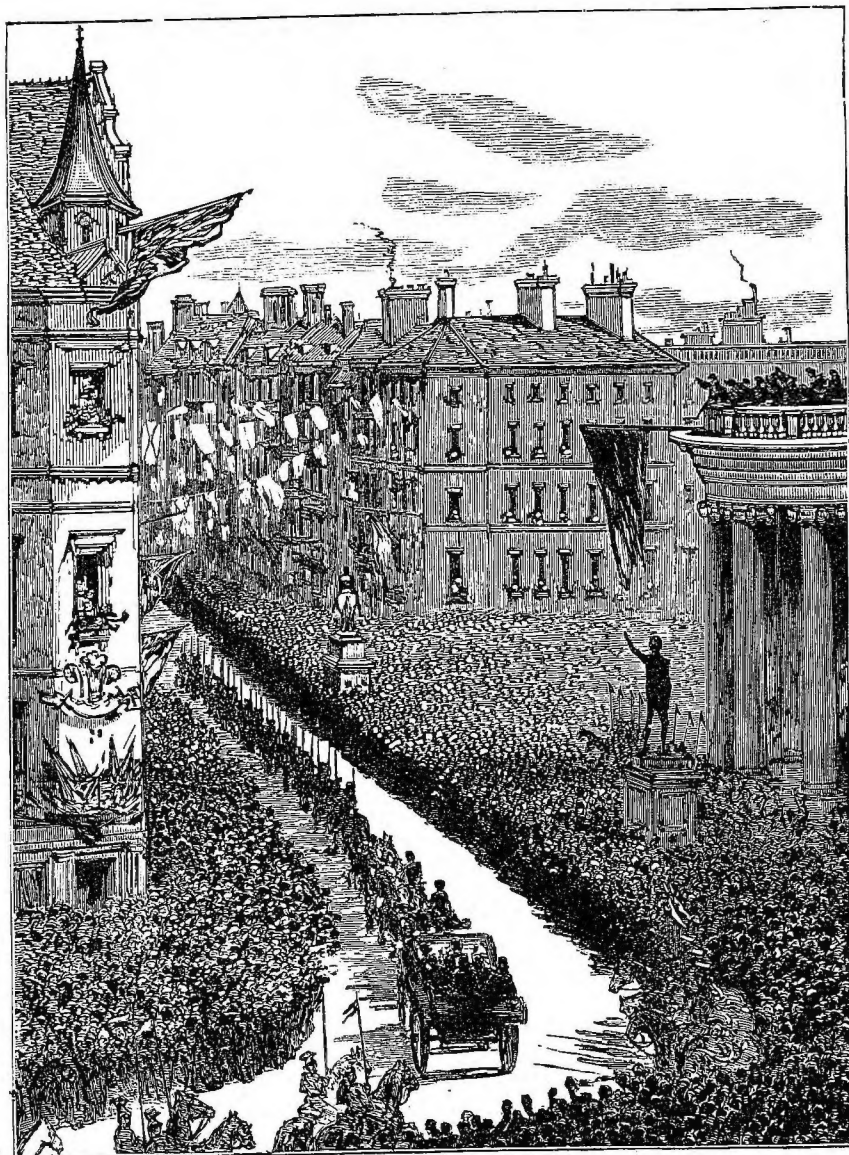
Mr. F. VILLIERS, our special artist with the Nile Expedition, writes:—"In spite of weary desert marches and long journeys by river, the sick and wounded have got on fairly well. The number of the medical staff, and the abundance of medical comforts, show that Tommy Atkins is now well looked after, if the chance of war weighs against him with wounds or sickness. Some unfortunately succumbed during the dreary march across the desert of twelve days, but very few in comparison. Arriving at Korti, the sick and wounded were shipped on board the Yarrow boat, the Lotus, commanded by Lieutenant Stanhope, who steered them safely through the now difficult and dangerous river to Dongola, nursed and attended to by Dr. Bell and Surgeon Tucker. They were then handed over to Dr. Swain, the surgeon-major in command at that station. He had fitted up numerous nuggars with awnings and beds, and the wounded go on these as far as Abu Falmei, towed by pinnaces. At this station the sick rest awhile, eventually being portaged round the Cataracts, or rowed in whalers to Sarass, where the rail carries them on to the great hospitals at Wady Halfa."

WITH GENERAL GRAHAM—THE SURPRISE AT THE ZERIBA, MARCH 22ND

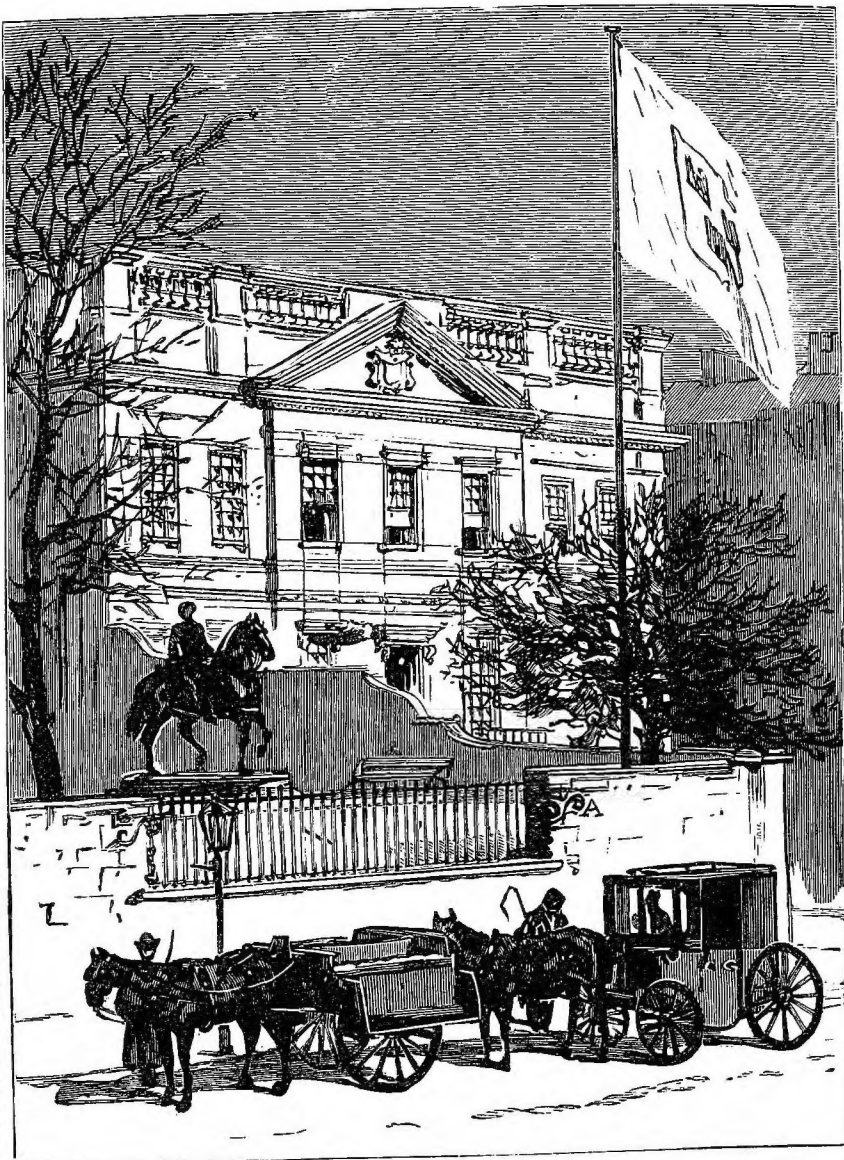
Mr. C. E. FRIPP, our artist with General Graham at Suakim, sends the following letter descriptive of the surprise of Sir John M'Neill's zeriba on March 22nd:

"Whilst the zeriba was being made by fatigue parties from the Infantry, the Engineers were employed in putting up some small circular sandbag redoubts for the Gardeners of the Naval Brigade. The men had eaten their lunch previously, and set to work well, in spite of the intense heat. The zeriba consisted of three square enclosures of thorn bush, in echelon, angles touching. All around and about could be seen camels and mules standing and lying about the left and rear of the zeriba, busy gangs of men were cutting down bushes, and dragging them into the enclosures to complete the fence; some parties of camels had filed, and were still filing, into the zeriba. Those men not working were lying around their piled arms, their comrades being in the bush a couple of hundred yards distant; camp followers were eating, chatting, and smoking, many asleep under the bushes, the vast majority of armed and unarmed men were outside the fences. As I stood talking to a group of signallers on the left, a peculiar shrill yelling was heard close to our front. The men around looked about and said, 'What's that?' 'That's the enemy,' said I. And so it was. A vast swarm of Batammals and unarmed men, mixed with a few soldiers and Sepoys with their rifles in their hands, came down in a dense column of brown and yellow dust into the zeriba, into which we ran or rode, a sharp rattle of musketry increasing every moment in volume. I forced myself through some mules into the enclosure, and took refuge in a crowd of soldiers and Sepoys of all regiments nearly, when the column of dark dust seemed to burst upon us—terrified mules, followed by bleeding mules, and wounded camp-followers and unarmed men. Camels, which were being hamstring and slashed by the light-clad enemy hewing with sword and stabbing with spear, became occasionally visible through the dense cloud of sand and dust, being illumined by the bright patches of sunlight which straggled through. The firing became more general, and through the smoke and now lightning cloud of dust the enemy could be seen stalking upright, sword or spear in hand, and suddenly collapsing as they were swept away by our fire. Some lay dead within ten yards of us, amongst the mules and scattered baggage. In ten or fifteen minutes the fire slackened, and those of the enemy who had not been mown down retreated, and the knots and crowds of mixed soldiery were led forward in good order over heaps of dead animals and men—the latter principally the enemy—to the thorn fences which were intended to have been the line of defence. When the enemy first appeared a fire of Remingtons was opened on us for a short time, and as it died away our fire ceased, with the exception of a few stray shots, on the parties who were sent to bring in wounded men and stragglers. Of the latter, however, we could not be in much doubt as to their fate, although some came in

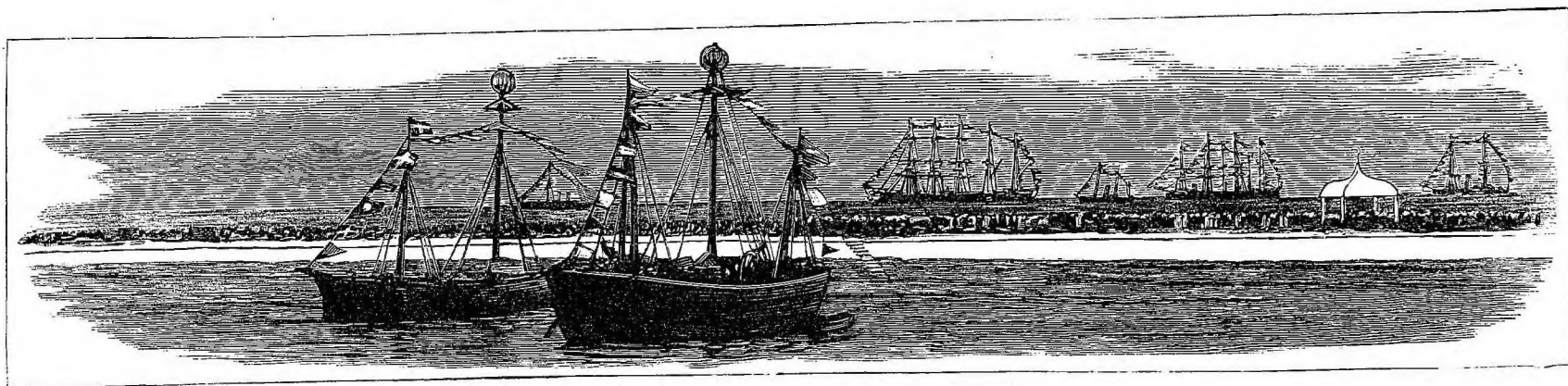




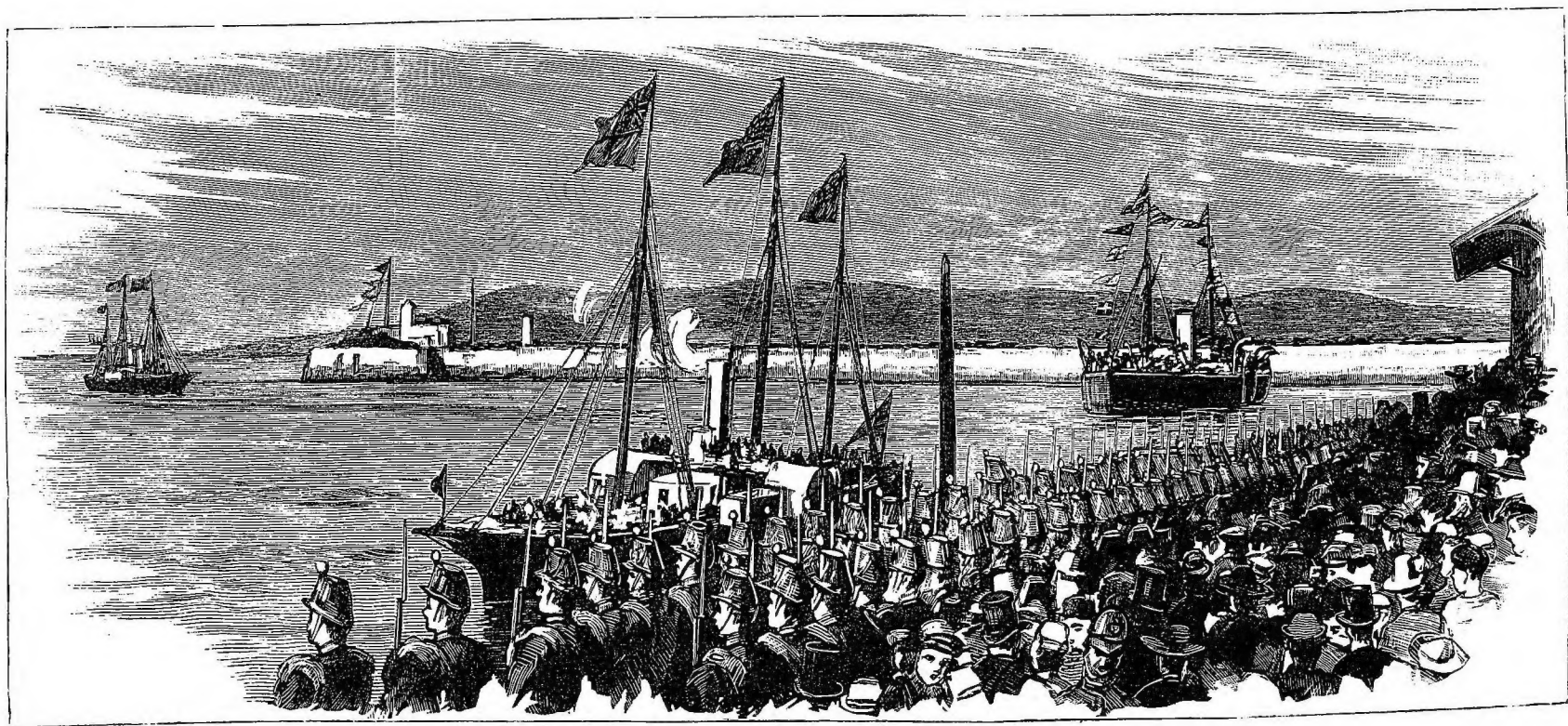
THE PROCESSION PASSING TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN



THE MAYORALTY AND THE CIVIC FLAG, DUBLIN



THE ROYAL FLEET SEEN FROM KINGSTOWN HARBOUR

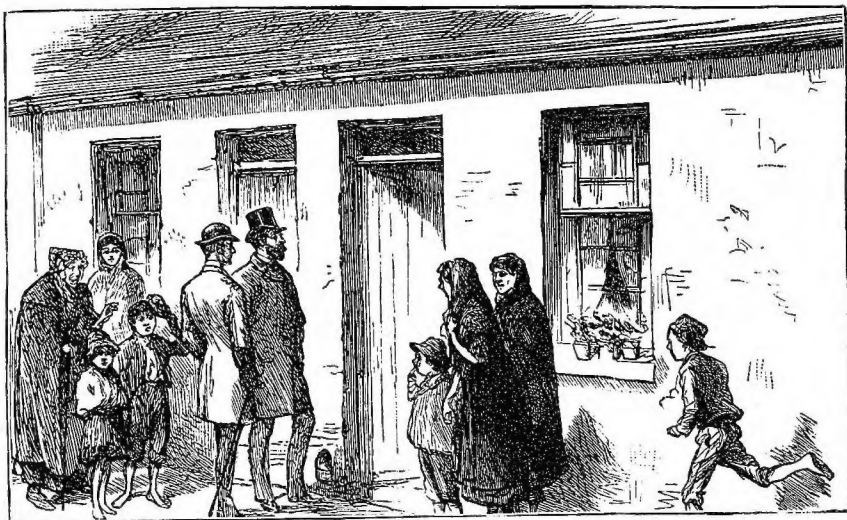


THE "OSBORNE" ENTERING KINGSTOWN HARBOUR

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

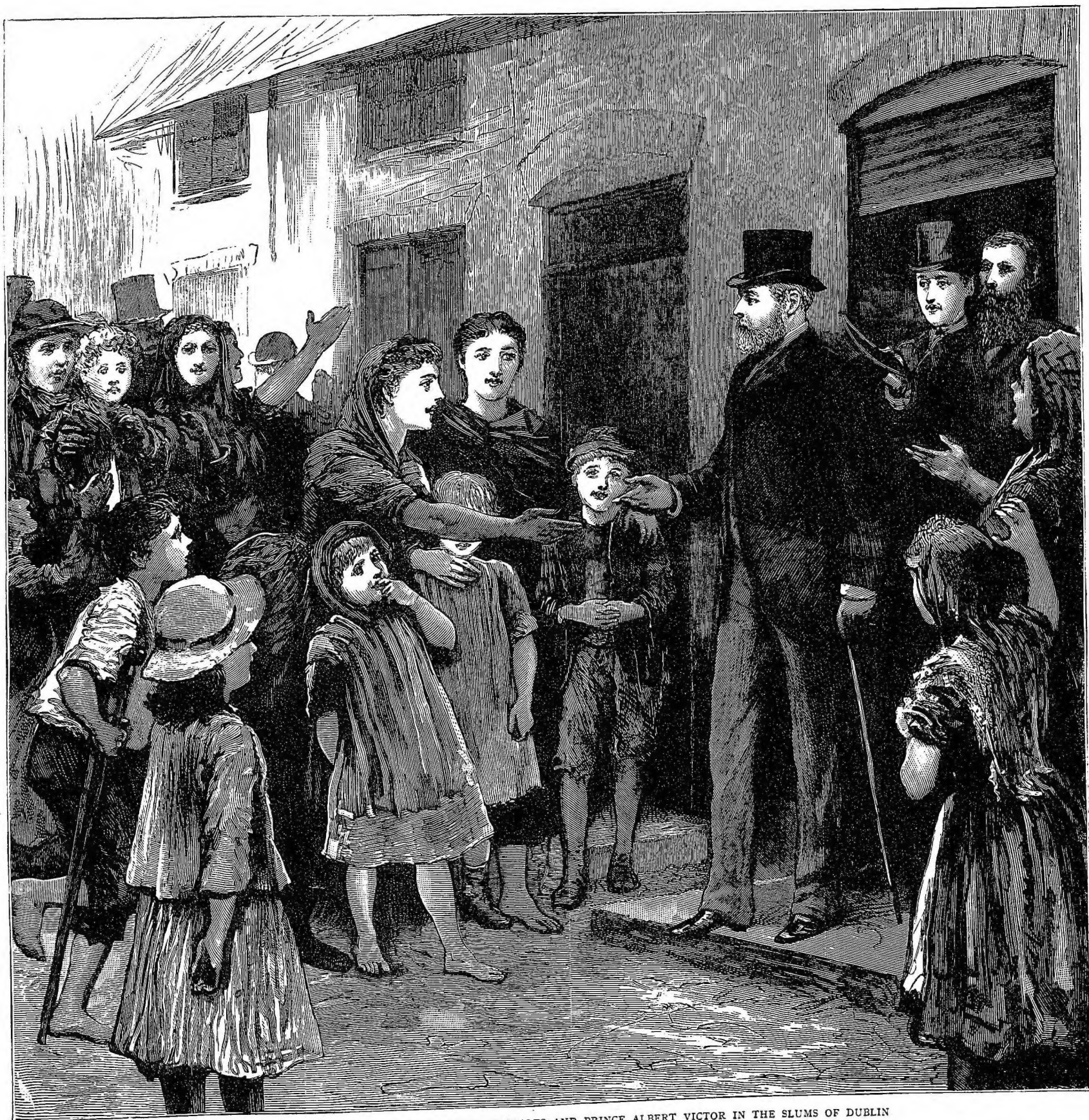




MRS. COADY'S COTTAGE, DUBLIN—EXTERIOR



MRS. COADY'S COTTAGE, DUBLIN—INTERIOR



RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN THE SLUMS OF DUBLIN

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND—THE PRINCE OF WALES AS COMMISSIONER OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION  
ON THE DWELLINGS OF THE WORKING CLASSES  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



directly after, and even during the close of the action. Next day, when returning with baggage-animals to Suakim, we found a long line of dead camp-followers and animals, with the baggage strewn the ground for a mile and a half.

#### THE RAILWAY TERMINUS, SUAKIM

THIS sketch is self-explanatory, depicting the present terminus of the railway being constructed across the desert, namely, a landing stage of Suakim Harbour, where the sleepers, rails, and other materials for laying the line are being disembarked, and carried to the front with as much despatch as possible.

#### A NIGHT ALARM AT SUAKIM

THE OFFICER to whom we are indebted for the sketch writes on March 11th:—"About 3 A.M. this morning a cry from all the sentries of 'Firing on the Right' caused us all to turn out. The *Dolphin* directed her electric light on to the land, throwing a brilliant path of light into the dark night. By this light we saw some Arabs on camels disappearing in the direction of Handoub. They had crept stealthily up to the ordnance store, and making a rush on the guard, succeeded in killing one of our men. Our troops, however, killed one Arab, who had a gallant hand-to-hand fight with one of the Berkshire sentries, and wounded several others. The appearance of the Headquarters Staff on this sudden alarm was peculiar. There was every dress and no dress. One gallant officer was nearly as naked as his sword. Another apparently slept in nothing but his boots."

#### CAPTAIN FRANCIS J. ROMILLY, R.E.,

Was the eldest son of Mr. George T. Romilly, and grandson of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Romilly, Royal Engineers. He was born March 10th, 1849, obtained his commission, and passed out of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich in July, 1870. He joined the Madras Public Works in 1873; in 1879 was ordered to Bangalore and employed on special work in the autumn of 1881. He was also stationed at Tranquebar, Tanjore, Negapatam, and Coimbatore. In February, 1885, he was ordered to join the "Queen's Own" Sappers and Miners, who form part of the Indian Contingent. They started from Bangalore, February 24th, and arrived at Suakim March 13th. Captain Romilly was killed while superintending the construction of General McNeill's zeriba, on Sunday, March 22nd. He married Mary de Berdt, daughter of Mr. Dennis de Berdt Hovell, of Boreham Holt, Elstree, Hertfordshire. Captain Romilly was greatly esteemed for his high professional acquirements, and his geniality and kindness made him generally popular. He leaves a widow and three young children.—Our portrait is from a photograph by C. G. Brown, Bangalore, India.

#### LIEUTENANT EDWARDS

LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER T. F. EDWARDS, who died at Suakim on the 23rd ult. from wounds received the previous day during the engagement at Baker's Zeriba, was the second son of the late General Clement Alexander Edwards, C.B. He was born on the 7th November, 1861, and educated at Cheltenham College, from which he passed into Sandhurst in 1880, and received his commission in the following year, when he was gazetted to the Royal Irish Regiment, in which his father had served for twenty-six years. He left England in the autumn of 1882, and became a probationer for the Indian Staff Corps in 1883, but was on the eve of rejoining the 2nd Battalion 18th Royal Irish Regiment when the opportunity of seeing active service presented itself, and he elected to remain with the 28th Bombay Native Infantry. This regiment landed at Suakim on the 13th March, and took part in the advance on Hasheen on the 20th ult., and in the engagement on the 22nd at Baker's Zeriba, where Lieutenant Edwards received the dangerous wounds from which he died the following day.—Our portrait is from a photograph by R. Dighton, Cheltenham.

#### SURGEON LANE

SURGEON ISAAC RATCLIFFE LANE, M.D., Army Medical Staff, son of the late Major Lane, J.P., Arlandstown, Co. Cork, was born August 20th, 1862, and died on board the *Ganges*, March 21st, from the effects of a wound received while engaged in the Guards' square at the Battle of Hasheen. Dr. Lane was a young man of singular promise and ability. He entered the Army in August last, and stands on the list as the youngest surgeon in the service. His loss is deeply mourned by his many friends.—Our portrait is by T. W. Markwick and Co., Hastings.

#### SIR PETER LUMSDEN

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PETER STARK LUMSDEN, K.C.B., C.S.I., who is in charge of the British Commission for defining the North-Western Boundary of Afghanistan, is an officer of very considerable Indian experience, having served in numerous frontier expeditions, in the Central Indian Campaign, and under General R. Napier. In 1857-8 he was a member of the Special Military Commission to Afghanistan, and received the thanks of the Government for his services, while in 1860 he accompanied the expedition to China, taking part in the capture of the Taku forts, and in the advance upon Peking. Five years later he served with the Bhotan Field Force, and since that time has been Quartermaster-General in Bengal, Acting Resident at Hyderabad, Chief of the Staff in India, and from 1883 Member of the Indian Council. Thus it will be seen that Sir Peter Lumsden possesses exceptional knowledge of Afghan and Indian frontier affairs, and that he was eminently fitted for the important post to which he was appointed last autumn. Leaving England in August with a number of skilled officers, he journeyed to the district in dispute by way of Teheran and Meshed. Near this latter place, at Lash Jowain, he met the escort to the Expedition which had been despatched from India under Lieutenant-Colonel Ridgway, but found no Russian colleagues ready to begin work, as he had expected. For their own reasons, the Russian Government have delayed sending any Commission, and Sir Peter Lumsden has had accordingly to pass the winter at Bala Murghab, within the Afghan boundary. Thence he has kept a careful watch upon the Russian operations, much to the annoyance of the hyper-energetic officers who were anxious to decide the question of boundary by military occupation and "accomplished facts." He was not able, however, to prevent the unfortunate attack on the Afghan outposts by General Komaroff, but his testimony will be invaluable in checking that enterprising officer's version of the affair. The Russians have been exceedingly irritated at the presence of his subordinates at the scene of action, and lay the blame of the recent conflict upon him, as they declare he has acted as an *agent provocateur*. His escort, the strength of which formed one of the Russian grievances, amounts to about 400 men—200 cavalry and 200 infantry, and 1,300 native followers. Should any further Russian advance take place, these troops will undoubtedly be employed in strengthening the defences of Herat. Sir Peter Lumsden is fifty-six years of age, and is the son of the late Colonel T. Lumsden, C.B., of Belhelvie Lodge, Aberdeen.—Our portrait is from a photograph by T. Fall, 9 and 10, Baker Street, W.

#### EARL CAIRNS

THE Right Hon. Hugh M'Calmont, Earl Cairns, was born in 1819. His family, like many of those inhabiting Ulster, was of Scottish extraction. His father was Mr. William Cairns, of Cultra, Co. Down; his mother, Rosanna, daughter of Mr. H. Johnson. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, of which institution he subsequently became Chancellor, a position which he continued to

hold until his death. In 1844 he was called to the English Bar of the Middle Temple, and he rapidly acquired an extensive practice in the Courts of Equity. In 1852 he was returned as M.P. for Belfast, and continued to represent that important borough until he was raised to the judicial bench. When the late Lord Derby formed an Administration in 1858, he appointed Mr. Cairns Solicitor-General, a post which was accompanied with the bestowal of knighthood. He first showed his distinguished powers as a debater in the discussion which ensued in May, 1858, when Lord Ellenborough censured Lord Canning's proclamation to the inhabitants of India. Sir Hugh Cairns presently showed his desire to reform the law by introducing two measures, one to simplify titles, the other to establish a registry of landed estates. But our admirable system of party Government, by causing the downfall of the Conservative Ministry, buried these beneficent reforms. In 1866, when Lord Derby was again called upon to form a Ministry, Sir Hugh Cairns was appointed Attorney-General, and shortly afterwards he was made Lord Justice of Appeal, and created a peer under the title of Baron Cairns, of Garmoyne, Co. Antrim. He worked very hard at the 1867 Reform Bill, and in the House of Lords, during the progress of that measure, delivered no fewer than twenty-four speeches on its various clauses. In 1868 he became Lord Chancellor, in the room of Lord Chelmsford. He warmly opposed the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, but when it was carried by repeated majorities in the House of Commons he yielded, exacting, however, several important concessions from its introducers. In the Conservative Ministry of 1874-80, Lord Cairns again became Lord Chancellor, and took a prominent part in the business of the Government, though now beginning to suffer from impaired health. His most noticeable speech in Parliament of late years was on the occasion of the surrender to the Transvaal, when he severely castigated Mr. Gladstone's Government for their feebleness and cowardice. Besides being widely known as an eminent lawyer, statesman, and judge, Lord Cairns was also a busy worker in the field of charity and philanthropy. His religion was of an earnest and practical character. It may also be added that he was a devoted lover of nature, and an ardent sportsman of the good old-fashioned type. Although his health had for long been precarious, the end came rather suddenly. He died at his residence, Lindisfarne, Bournemouth, on Thursday, April 2nd, the cause of his death being congestion of the lungs, the result of a chill caught the week before. In 1856 Lord Cairns married Mary Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr. John M'Neile, of Parkmount, Co. Antrim, and had issue five sons and two daughters. The first-born son having died in infancy, he is succeeded in the peerage by his second son, Arthur William, Viscount Garmoyne, who was born 21st December, 1861.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Cheapside.

#### B. ST. JOHN ACKERS, ESQ., M.P.

MR. BENJAMIN ST. JOHN ACKERS, of Prinknash Park, near Painswick, Huntley Manor, near Gloucester, and 5, Prince of Wales' Terrace, London, W., is the only surviving son of the late James Ackers, Esq., formerly M.P. for Ludlow, by his union with Mary, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Williams, Esq., of Bowden Lodge, Cheshire. He was born in 1839, and was educated at Rugby and St. John's College, Oxford; was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn in May, 1865. Mr. Ackers, who married in 1861 Louisa Maria Jane, eldest daughter of C. Brooke Hunt, Esq., D.L. for the County of Gloucester, unsuccessfully contested the City of Gloucester in the Conservative interest at the General Election of April, 1880.

On the 11th March, Colonel Kingscote having retired from the representation of West Gloucestershire on accepting the office of Commissioner of Woods and Forests, a contest took place between Mr. Ackers (C.), who polled 4,837 votes, and Sir W. Marling (L.), who polled 4,426. Thus Mr. Ackers was elected, and the Conservatives gain a seat.

The new M.P. is an eminent agriculturist, has won many prizes at the principal shows for pure-bred shorthorn cattle, is a member of the Council of the Shorthorn Society and of the Council of the Central Chamber of Agriculture. He has devoted many years of his life to the amelioration of the condition of the deaf in this country, and started a Training College for Hearing Teachers of the Deaf on the "German," or Pure Oral, System at Ealing.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W.

#### THE VILLA MOTTET, AIX-LES-BAINS

THIS villa, where Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice have been residing during their stay at Aix-les-Bains, is a 'dependance' of the Hotel de l'Europe, and is named after the ground landlord of the hotel, Mottet, who for many years was mayor of the town. The villa is situated at the extremity of the large garden of the hotel, and is practically divided into two houses connected by a corridor. The Queen, however, only occupies one of these, though both have been taken for Her Majesty's use. According to the *Queen* about fifty rooms are occupied by the Royal party. The ground floor is occupied by General Ponsonby, Major Edwards, M. Kanné, the *chef*, and some of the domestics. The first floor is occupied by Lady Ely, Lady Churchill, and Dr. Reid, the Queen's medical attendant, whose rooms are exactly beneath those of Her Majesty, who occupies the second floor—the Royal apartments consisting of a sitting-room, boudoir, bedroom, and dressing-room. The only things sent over from England have been the Queen's bed and her own particular chair, some carriages, and a pony. It was at the instance of the Princess Beatrice, the *Times* tells us, who herself derived great benefit from her course of treatment there two years ago, that the Queen was induced to pay Aix a visit, and as the Aix season does not begin until May Her Majesty was able to secure that privacy and quiet which could hardly have been secured later in the year. Although the weather has been somewhat unfavourable Her Majesty has driven out every day, and has visited the various points of interest in the neighbourhood, including Chambéry, the former capital of Savoy, the Château de Bourdeau on Lake Bourget, and the Abbey of Hautecombe. The snow on the hills, however, prevented a visit to the monastery of the monks of Chartreuse. Aix-les-Bains has been gradually increasing in prosperity for the past twenty years, and now numbers 25,000 visitors annually. There is a handsome Casino, which, however, is proving insufficient for the accommodation of the visitors, and a second is to be opened in the course of the ensuing season. The waters have long been celebrated for beneficial effects in gout and rheumatic complaints.—Our engraving is from a photograph courteously forwarded by M. Bernascon, proprietor of the Hotel de l'Europe.

#### PRESENTATION OF COLOURS BY LADY DUFFERIN

HER Excellency the Countess of Dufferin presented new colours to the 2nd Battalion the King's (Liverpool Regiment) at Fort William, Calcutta, on the 17th of February, 1885, in the presence of a distinguished assemblage.

After the ceremony of trooping the colours had been performed the battalion was formed into three sides of a square, when the new colours were consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, after which Lady Dufferin delivered them to the battalion, accompanying the presentation with a neat little speech, to which Colonel Le Mesurier made a suitable reply.

The battalion was then reformed into line, and the new colours received with a "general" salute, after which the march-past was

executed in quick time. His Excellency the Viceroy (Lord Dufferin) then informed the commanding officer "that although a civilian he had great experience in reviewing Her Majesty's troops in every part of the world, and that he had never witnessed a finer or steadier body of men than the 2nd King's, and that the manner in which the ceremony was conducted reflected great credit upon all concerned."—Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.

#### THE REBELLION IN CANADA

THESE engravings are from sketches by Mr. Sydney P. Hall, who as our special artist accompanied the Marquis of Lorne in his trip to the Rocky Mountains, across the very district which is now the scene of the rising of Riel and his Half-breeds. The sketches show the type and character of the Indian inhabitants of that region, many of whom have joined in the revolt, while others again, like Blackfeet, chief of the Crows, remain faithful to the Great Mother. One of the chiefs depicted made a great point at the Pow-Wow with Lord Lorne that the Great Mother should give her children more to eat. Fort Qu'Appelle, where the Indian Pow-Wow is represented, is the nearest station on the Pacific Railway, and consequently is one of the chief depôts whence troops are being despatched to the affected districts; while Fort Carlton is the scene of the recent rising, where Major Crozier was defeated by Riel. The commandant, Colonel Irvine, at once burnt the fort to prevent it falling into Riel's hands, and retreated to Fort Prince Albert. An interesting article on the rising is published in this week's *Colonies and India*. From this we learn that the original inhabitants of the North-West Territory were, of course, the Red Indians, of whom between thirty and forty thousand are still found there. They have in various treaties formally ceded to the Dominion Government all their claim to the land, and in return for their somewhat extensive hunting-grounds the Government have agreed to make certain allowances to them in cash and provisions. Each chief receives 5*l.* annually, each of his four headmen 3*l.*, and the rest—men, women, and children—1*l.* each, in addition to regular rations of food. Certain tracts of country, called Indian Reserves, are also set apart for the exclusive use of the various tribes. The Half-breeds, who are the leading spirits of the present rising, are the descendants of Indian women who have been taken to wife by old Hudson's Bay Company's servants and French traders, explorers, or missionaries; many of them are settled on farms around Fort Qu'Appelle, Prince Albert, and in several other parts of the North-West, while others lead a roving life, trading or freighting, or hunting and moving from place to place with their long string of little ponies and light carts. More trouble is often experienced by the police from the Half-breeds than from the Indians, and in 1870, at the time when the North-West was handed over to the Dominion Government, and Manitoba was formed into a province, the Half-breeds around Winnipeg broke out into open rebellion, under the same Louis Rie, who is heading the present revolt. The rebellion was then speedily suppressed by Col. (now Lord) Wolseley. The North-West Mounted Police, who are taking a prominent part in the suppression of the rising, are a body some few hundred strong, and are in ordinary times sufficient to preserve order throughout the enormous but thinly-populated North-West Territory; and although on an occasion like the present they are insufficient without reinforcements, no doubt need be entertained as to what will be the end of the revolt when it is borne in mind that the Canadian Government have a militia of 40,000 at their disposal, and that General Middleton with a strong force of well-armed and disciplined soldiers is marching upon the rebels.

#### "BOOTLES' BABY"

A NOVELETTE by J. S. Winter, illustrated by W. Ralston, is completed this week.

NOTE.—The guns shown in the centre of our double-page engraving of the Volunteer Review last week were those of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery, and not of the 2nd Middlesex Artillery, as we incorrectly stated. The 2nd Middlesex Artillery wear the helmet; the 3rd is the only Middlesex Volunteer Artillery equipped with the racoon busby.



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR continue to be made steadily and strenuously. Recruits are offering themselves in large numbers throughout the kingdom, and the training of young soldiers is being vigorously pushed on. Offers of their services are pouring in from officers of all arms, and of all branches of the auxiliary forces. As regards the Volunteers, the important step has been taken of granting Militia rate of pay to every Volunteer officer attached to a brigade or battalion of Militia during training. Many regiments of the line are now considerably above the establishment. There are in the United Kingdom 152,000 men of all arms available for immediate service; and 20,000 of these can be mobilised at once, and despatched wherever they are wanted. Special regulations have been issued for the calling-out of the reserves, both of the army and the militia. All officers and men, if on leave, have been ordered to return to their regiments. Woolwich is busier than ever, and has been producing among other ammunition 2,000,000 of the latest pattern of metal ball cartridges—for India, it is understood.

IN THE GOVERNMENT DOCKYARDS the utmost activity prevails. Early in the week an intimation was received at Devonport and Portsmouth of a supplementary grant of 20,000*l.* for wages at the former, and of 22,500*l.* at the latter, with sums to smaller yards, making a total of between 50,000*l.* and 60,000*l.*, in order to complete and advance ships to be commissioned. All British fleets in foreign waters are to be strengthened, especially the Australian and Chinese squadrons. Eight vessels of the Chatham Steam Reserve, three of them steel-armoured turret ships, are ordered to be got ready to proceed to sea. First-class vessels of the mercantile marine are being continually taken up by the Government. Among such acquisitions was that on Wednesday of the *Massilia*, a 5,000 ton ship, now in Australia, one of the newest, finest, and fastest of the P. and O. Company's fleet. Fast cruisers are to be stationed at the principal ports at which British merchantmen would be exposed to danger in the event of war. To aid in obviating the difficulty of manning newly-commissioned ships, the Admiralty invite, on liberal terms, offers for active service from all naval pensioners under fifty years of age. Fresh supplies of torpedoes are being forwarded to naval stations, and Nordenfeldt guns, which it is thought will be a chief defence against aggressive torpedoes in future naval warfare, are being diligently manufactured at the Government establishment.

A CONFERENCE OF LONDON WORKING MEN recently memorialised the Premier to use his influence in removing the Parliamentary impediments now obstructing the progress of various Bills for the construction of public works in the metropolis, which would afford employment to numbers of working men. In his reply, the Premier says that he does not see how the Government can assist in the way indicated. "Private Bill procedure," he points out, "does not rest with the Government, nor have they any power to facilitate it." The Premier's communication having been read by



the President, Mr. George Potter, at a Council meeting of the London Working Men's Association, it was resolved that a deputation should wait upon prominent Members of Parliament, and ask them to forward the views of the memorialists.

REDUCTIONS OF RENT, in consequence of the long-prevalent agricultural depression, have been frequent of late years, but never, probably, on so large a scale as by the Duke of Bedford, who has just remitted no less than 50 per cent. of the half-yearly rents of the tenants on his Tavistock estates.

ON TUESDAY THE LIVERY presented to the Court of Aldermen the names of Mr. Alderman Fowler, M.P., and Mr. Alderman Cotton, to select one of them to be Lord Mayor during the remainder of the year, in succession to the late Mr. Nottage. Both gentlemen have filled the office of Lord Mayor: Mr. Alderman Cotton ten years ago, Mr. Alderman Fowler as immediate predecessor of Mr. Nottage. By a considerable majority Mr. Fowler was elected, and Her Majesty having telegraphed her approval of the aldermanic decision, he took on Wednesday the oaths of office, and was formally installed Lord Mayor.

THERE IS TOO MUCH REASON to fear the loss, in the Bay of Pisco, with all on board, of the steamer *Magnet*, which left London for Malta on March 8, conveying a large staff of telegraph officials. The only tidings received of her since are, that the Cunard steamer *Palmyra* passed on the 24th ult. a life-boat belonging to her. 200 miles north of Finisterre.

ADDITIONAL GLOOM was cast over the City on Saturday by the announcement of the death that morning of the Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Nottage. He was universally respected, and the death of a Lord Mayor during tenure of that office is one of the rarest municipal occurrences, unknown since that of Mr. Lord Mayor Beckford, in 1770. Mr. Nottage, who was in his sixty-third year, was a nephew of Mr. Alderman Challis, M.P., Lord Mayor in 1852, and of the late Mr. R. W. Kennard, M.P., in whose iron business he was for many years engaged. He was the founder of the London Stereoscopic Company, and was largely interested in property at Brighton. As a Lord Mayor he had already made himself very popular, and among the most interesting episodes of his too brief Mayoralty were his initiation of the Gordon Memorial Fund, and his formation of an influential Committee to inquire into the condition of the unemployed of London, in whose behalf, it is understood, he intended to organise a large scheme of emigration. A Liberal in politics, he would, if he had lived, have come forward as a candidate for one of the metropolitan constituencies. His funeral, in civic state, takes place at St. Paul's Cathedral at noon, to-day (Saturday).

OUR OBITUARY also includes the death, referred to in our "Legal" column, of Sir Edward Sullivan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland ; in her sixty-fourth year, of the Countess of Selborne, wife of the Lord Chancellor of England, daughter of the third Earl of Waldegrave, among her brothers having been the late Viscount Chawton, killed at the battle of the Alma, and the late Dr. Waldegrave, Bishop of Carlisle ; in his seventy-sixth year, of the Earl of Selkirk, in the peerage of Scotland, Lieutenant of the Stewartry of Kirkcubright, and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, with whom the title becomes extinct ; of Major-General C. P. Rigby, formerly H.M. Consul at Zanibar ; in his forty-ninth year, of Mr. E. Patushell, of Allensmore Court, Herefordshire, who from 1874 to 1878 represented Hereford in the Conservative interest ; of the late Rev. H. J. Hotham, many years Fellow and late Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge ; in his seventy-eighth year, of Mr. S. P. Robinson, formerly Honorary Secretary of the Anti-Corn Law League, remaining, after its dissolution, a prominent and active member of the Liberal party in Manchester ; and, at the great age of ninety-five, of the oldest of our naval veterans, Sir George Sartorius, whose name stands first on the Navy List as that of the senior of the Admirals of the Fleet.



THE *pièce de résistance* of the Parliamentary week has been the Seats Bill, with which what is gratefully called "fair progress" has been made. The Committee is now, as it was before the Easter recess, engaged upon the schedules, which almost exclusively deal with the nomenclature of the proposed new divisions. This obviously involves much difference of opinion. It does not to the reckless mind appear of much consequence whether a particular division of Denbigh, for example, be called the Bromfield division or "the Eastern or Bromfield division," or that the Ruabon district should be called by the name of the town or should be endowed with the alternative of "Western." But to others locally concerned these are matters of deep interest, and every point is discussed with as much earnestness as if the fate of empires waited upon the result. Sir Charles Dilke, recognising the comparative unimportance of the affair, is wisely inclined to allow the local representatives to settle the matter. His difficulty arises when two members for a district take diametrically opposed views, and the President of the Local Government Board is compelled to decide. It is whispered that in these painful circumstances he tosses up a penny, and leaves the matter to the arbitrament of inscrutable fate. However that be, the Bill jogs along in friendliest fashion, and no one looking down at the Committee would imagine that it was engaged in giving the finishing touches to one of the largest and most important political measures of recent times.

The Seats Bill has engrossed the time but not the attention of the House. The latter has been claimed by the movement of affairs in relation to Russia. When Parliament separated for the Easter recess the prevalent impression was that an amicable arrangement with Russia would be reached. When the House of Commons re-assembled it was to hear from the lips of the Prime Minister the announcement that the Russian forces under General Komaroff had attacked the Afghans, and driven them out of Penjeh with great slaughter. This information, coupled with the significant statement of the Chief of the Russian Staff that he had never heard of the truce of the 17th of March, created a most painful impression in the House and through the country. No one doubted that these events were the immediate precursor of war.

Since then, and up to the present time of writing, matters have progressed in varying mood. Sometimes war seems imminent, and the next day peace appears possible. The question hour, at which a Ministerial statement is now habitually made, has come to be looked forward to with profoundest anxiety. Sir Stafford Northcote in one House, and, since the Lords met on Monday, Lord Salisbury in the other, usually put a question inviting Ministers to make a statement as full as the interests of the public service will permit. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett having no little scruples of this kind puts specific questions, which if answered would open up the innermost folds of foreign policy. Of course they are not answered, and the Member for Eye knows beforehand that they will not be. But it suits his purpose to appear prominently at question time, and there is no rule of the House that forbids indulgence in this propensity. The lowest depths of despair for peace were touched on Thursday in last week at five o'clock. At midnight, on the same day, Mr. Gladstone was able somewhat to modify the pressure of the situation, by announcing, on the authority of Sir Peter Lumsden, that the Afghans at the time of their engagement with the Russians had

actually crossed the river, thus, according to British testimony, committing a breach of the arrangement of the 17th March. On Friday, there was a relapse from the extreme state of feeling that existed on the previous day. On Monday the indicator veered towards war, and on Tuesday and Wednesday there was a sudden up-springing of hope for peace, for which it was difficult to find explanation in any known facts.

On Monday Lord Harlington moved a resolution sanctioning the calling out of the Reserves. But the uncertainty of the situation was here again testified to by his inability to enter into particulars of policy or details of arrangement. His speech made it quite clear that the Government, not less than ordinary people, were absolutely uncertain how events would turn out. The calling out of the Reserves, summoning thousands of men from the peaceful avocations of daily life, is a step to be taken only in the direst necessity. That there was still hope of peace was shown in the hesitation of the Secretary for War; that war was imminent appeared from the announcement that on Monday the Vote of Credit will be submitted. The speech, considered as a whole, seemed to point to the fact that the Government had made up their minds that within one week the question of peace or war would be finally settled.

In these grave circumstances Sir Stafford Northcote refrained from opposition, a course adopted by Lord Salisbury in the other House, when, on Tuesday, a similar motion came up for discussion. The exact meaning and value of the action taken by Mr. Labouchere is precisely appreciated in this country. But it is naturally different abroad, and regrettable misapprehension has, it is known, arisen from it. The Member for Northampton proposed to tack on to the formal Address words demanding the prompt withdrawal of the troops from the Soudan. This is a question which, properly submitted, would meet with very wide support in the House of Commons. It is estimated that, if the issue were fairly raised a considerable majority would protest by their votes against keeping the gallant army under Lord Wolseley stewing through the summer in the Soudan; what are left of them renewing in the autumn a purposeless war. But this evidently was not the time to bring forward the subject. To Mr. Labouchere, however, opposition on logical grounds is a sure incentive to obstinate pursuit of his object. He insisted, not only upon moving his amendment, but on going to a division, and, in spite of the assistance of Lord Randolph Churchill and the vote of the Parnellites, did not succeed in getting more than thirty-nine supporters. It is not often eccentric action of this kind is so unfortunate as to do a double wrong. On the Continent, the division thus forced makes it appear as if the House of Commons were not united on the main question submitted—of supporting the Government to the utmost in their scheme for coping with the power of Russia. It also makes it appear that there are only thirty-nine Members of the House of Commons, and these chiefly Parnellites, who desire the withdrawal of the troops from the Soudan.

The Irish Members have been unusually quiet since the House reassembled. The happy incident of the absence of the Chief Secretary and the Solicitor-General for Ireland on the first two nights brought into strong light the seat of the evil that afflicts the House at question time. In the absence of these two officials it was impossible for the Parnellites to put questions, and the consequence was that British curiosity, even including Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's quota, was limited to about a dozen questions, and "the question hour," which has been known to extend to ninety minutes, was over in ten.

On Tuesday an ominous breeze sprung up which promises storms in times to come. In connection with the Prince of Wales's visit to Mallow Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Harrington went down there with the intention (which, to do them justice, they openly avowed) of getting up a counter demonstration. To this end they took a number of bands and roughs from Cork, and attempted to gain possession of the railway station, in which object they were foiled by the police. This happened on Monday, and on Tuesday Mr. Parnell, whose appearances in the House grow increasingly rare, put a long series of questions to the Chief Secretary, or rather, in the form of questions, made a series of statements incriminating the police. The Parnellites did their best to maintain a grave aspect throughout this performance, but it gradually lapsed into broad farce, and lapsed amid roars of laughter. Mr. Bulwer's solemn inquiry of the Chief Secretary as to whether it was true that one of the Parliamentary followers of Mr. Parnell had received a well merited rap over the knuckles was a great success. But perhaps better still was Mr. T. D. Sullivan's statement, put in the form of a question, that the only object of Mr. O'Brien and his friends from Cork was to serenade the Prince of Wales, the action of the police being dictated by a desire that the sound of national music should not reach his ears. That is quite delicious, and was much enjoyed by the House.



THE new version of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's comic drama, *La Cigale*, brought out at the STRAND Theatre on Saturday evening under the title of *Good Luck*, seems to have been designed to exhibit Miss Jennie Lee's powers in a part which Madame Chaumont and Miss E. Farren have already rendered familiar to playgoers; but this clever actress can hardly be said to be particularly happy in the character of the untamed circus girl. The play somehow seems in this version to have lost something of its sprightliness and briskness of movement, and to have become, if the truth must be told, slightly vulgarised.

An adaptation of *Clara Soleil*, one of the latest of Parisian successes in the way of farcical comedy, is to be the next novelty at the COMEDY Theatre. Two popular managers are mysteriously said to have joined their labours in producing this version, which bears the title of *Neely Nightingale*. One of these gentlemen is, we believe, Mr. Augustus Harris.

For some unexplained reason, the late Mr. Byron's posthumous comedy, entitled *Open House*, though written expressly for Mr. Thorne and his company, has been produced, not as a part of the regular evening entertainment at the VAUDEVILLE, but at a *matinée* given on Thursday afternoon. We are compelled to postpone a notice of this piece until next week.

The *Lady of the Locket* at the EMPIRE Theatre has proved a brilliant success, and supported by the talents of Miss Florence St. John, Mr. Coffin, Mr. J. L. Shine, Mr. Bracy, Miss Edith Brandon, and other popular performers, is attracting nightly large audiences.

To-night a new play entitled *Heartless*, founded on "Ouida's" "Puck," is to be produced at the OLYMPIC, with Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Miss Florence Wade in leading parts.

Miss Mary Anderson has reappeared this week as Parthenia in *Ingomar*. Next week—the last of her engagement—will be devoted to a revival of *Pygmalion and Galatea* in association with *Comedy and Tragedy*, in both of which of Mr. Gilbert's pieces Miss Anderson will appear.

*The Guv'nor*, originally produced at the Vaudeville Theatre some years ago, will this evening take the place at the OPERA COMIQUE of *The Excursion Train*. Mr. David James will appear in his original part.



OLD TEMPLE BAR is to be rebuilt in King's Bench Walk.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has acquired fourteen valuable fresh pictures, a bequest from the late Mrs. Elizabeth Vaughan.

AN OPERA ON THE DELUGE, *Noah*, has been brought out at Carlsruhe. It was begun by Halévy twenty-two years ago, and was subsequently finished by his son-in-law, Georges Bizet, the composer of *Carmen*, but had never been performed until now.

RAPHAEL'S FAMOUS "MADONNA DI SAN SISTO" in the Dresden Gallery is stated to be for sale, and the King of Saxony is said to have offered it to the English Government for 150,000*l.* Originally an altar-piece in the Church of the Black Friars at Placentia, the Sistine Madonna was bought by the Saxons in 1753, for 9,000*l.*, and has ever since been the chief artistic glory of Dresden.

THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT is horrifying the Transatlantic fashionable world by his rigid Republican simplicity and plain manner of living. The White House at Washington is a very different place now from what it was under President Arthur, who enjoyed society and entertained in great style. Not content with cutting off every possible superfluity, President Cleveland avoids all needless social ceremonies, which he detests, and crowns his misdemeanours in fashionable eyes by breakfasting very early in the morning, and working in his shirt-sleeves.

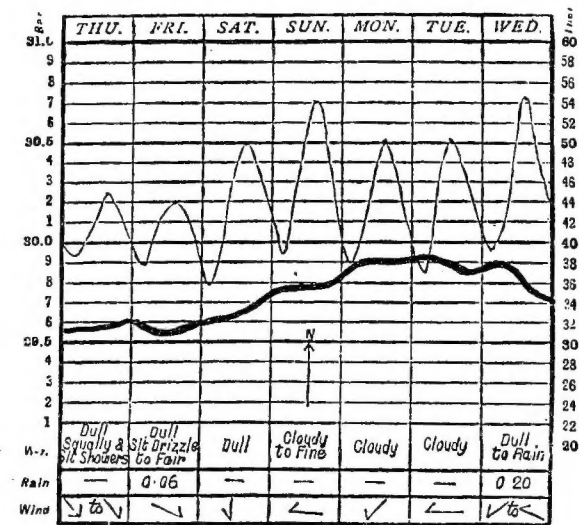
**ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS' COSTUME BALL.**—The programme of the entertainment to precede the above ball is to be a "Masque of Painters," representing celebrated artists and contemporary eminent characters, embracing the period from Pericles to Sir Joshua Reynolds, divided into six groups in Greece, arranged by A. Sacheverell Coke; Italy, by Walter Crane; Germany, by J. D. Linton and W. Dendy Sadler; France and Spain, by R. Caton Woodville; Holland, by F. A. Abbey and J. Walter Wilson; England, by Seymour Lucas and Charles Green. The whole will be described in verses written by Edmund W. Gosse, and spoken by J. Forbes Robertson as chorus.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S WORKS, which have lately been exhibited in Paris were sold last week, but did not reach any phenomenal prices. The amount realised—for some 300 drawings, water-colours, oils and sculpture—was 6,200*l.*, the highest price given being 248*l.* for a fine picture, painted in 1882, "The Eagle," while two colossal works, the "Death of Orpheus" and "Dante's Hell," went for the small sums of 96*l.* and 54*l.* respectively. Amongst the most interesting sketches were the late artist's eleven designs for illustrating *Macbeth*, which sold for 106*l.* Speaking of Parisian art, the Salon jury have finished their work, and have admitted 2,500 out of 5,614 works sent into the Palais de l'Industrie. Another art item is the formation of the Société Parisienne des Amis des Arts, founded to organise annual exhibitions of ancient and modern paintings and performances of original French music. M. Meissonier presides over the artistic section, and M. Gounod over the musical department.

LONDON MORTALITY has decreased and increased during the past two weeks, and 1,701 and 1,859 have been respectively registered, against 1,734 during the previous seven days, a fall of 33, and a rise of 158, being 275 and 37 below the average, and at the rate of 21·7 and 23·8 per 1,000. These deaths included 26 and 36 from small-pox (7 above the average); 83 and 70 from measles (21 above the average); 5 and 9 from scarlet fever, 16 and 15 from diphtheria; 55 and 55 from whooping cough, 14 and 10 from enteric fever, 8 and 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, and not one from typhus or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 478 and 512, being 65 below, and 2 above the average. There were 2,404 and 2,473 births registered, being 375 and 400 below the average. The mean temperature of the air last week was 41·9 deg., and 4·9 deg. below the average, the coldest day was Friday. Rain fell on two days. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 10·5 hours against 17·1 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

### WEATHER CHART

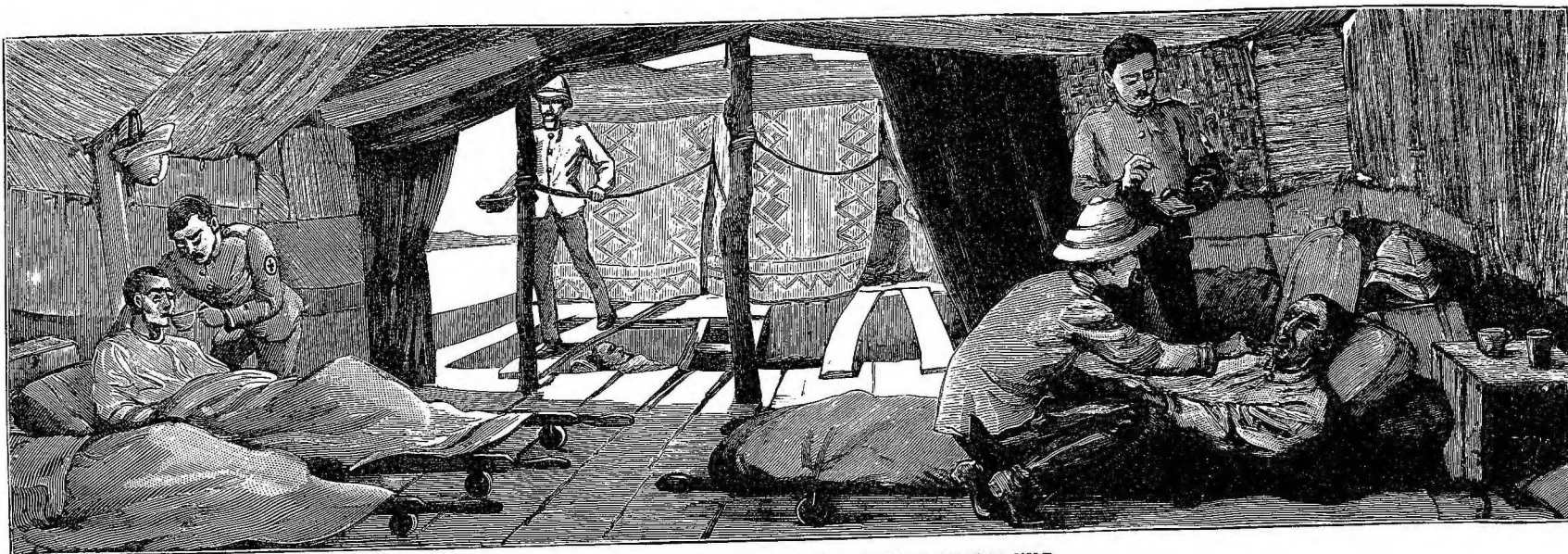
FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1885



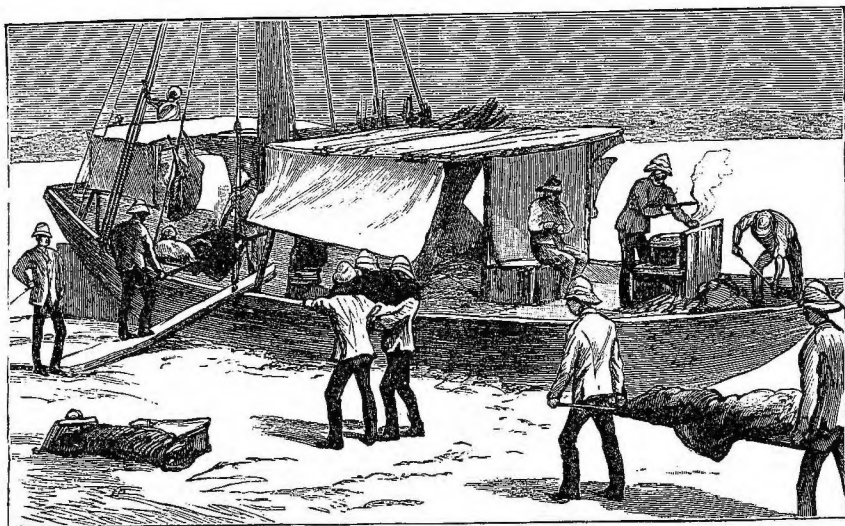
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been dull and dry, but decidedly cold over England, while it has been fair or fine, although rather cold, elsewhere. At the opening of the period the centre of a depression lay near the mouth of the Elbe (having travelled to this point since the preceding day from the neighbourhood of Berlin), and after spreading both west and east finally dispersed. During its prevalence strong northerly winds were felt over the greater part of our islands, with dull weather and a little cold rain along our northern and southern coasts, but fine weather elsewhere. At Monday (11th inst.), pressure gradually became very uniform and remarkably steady, so that gradients fell exceedingly slight over the country. Light or moderate breeze prevailed generally, and in direction were chiefly northerly in Scotland, northeasterly over England, and easterly in Ireland. The weather was dull over England, but the sky cleared on one or two days in many other parts of our islands. Temperature has been below the average generally—especially over England. The maxima have not exceeded 55° at any of our stations, while the minima have been below the freezing point (by the sheltered thermometer) during the latter end of the week in various parts of the United Kingdom. The barometer was highest (29·92 inches) on Monday (11th inst.); lowest (29·55 inches) on Friday (10th inst.); range, 0·37 inches. Temperature was highest (54°) on Sunday (12th inst.) and Wednesday (11th inst.); lowest (36°) on Saturday (11th inst.); range, 18°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0·26 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0·20 inches on Wednesday (11th inst.).

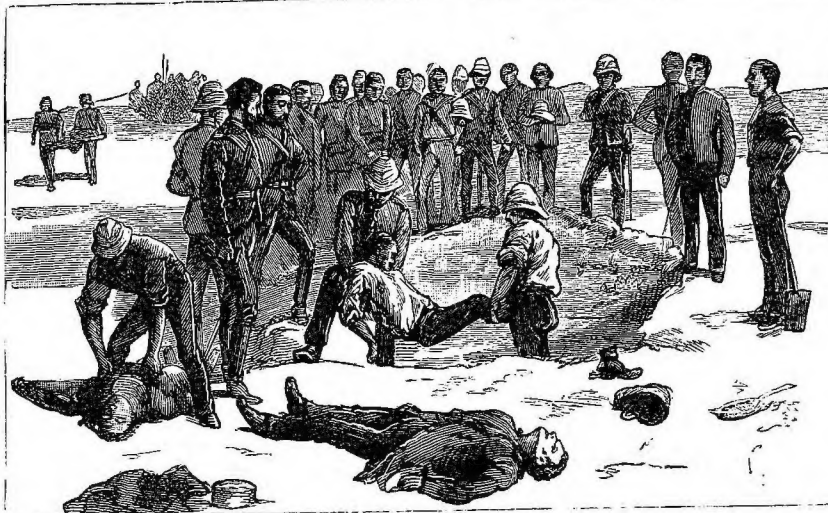




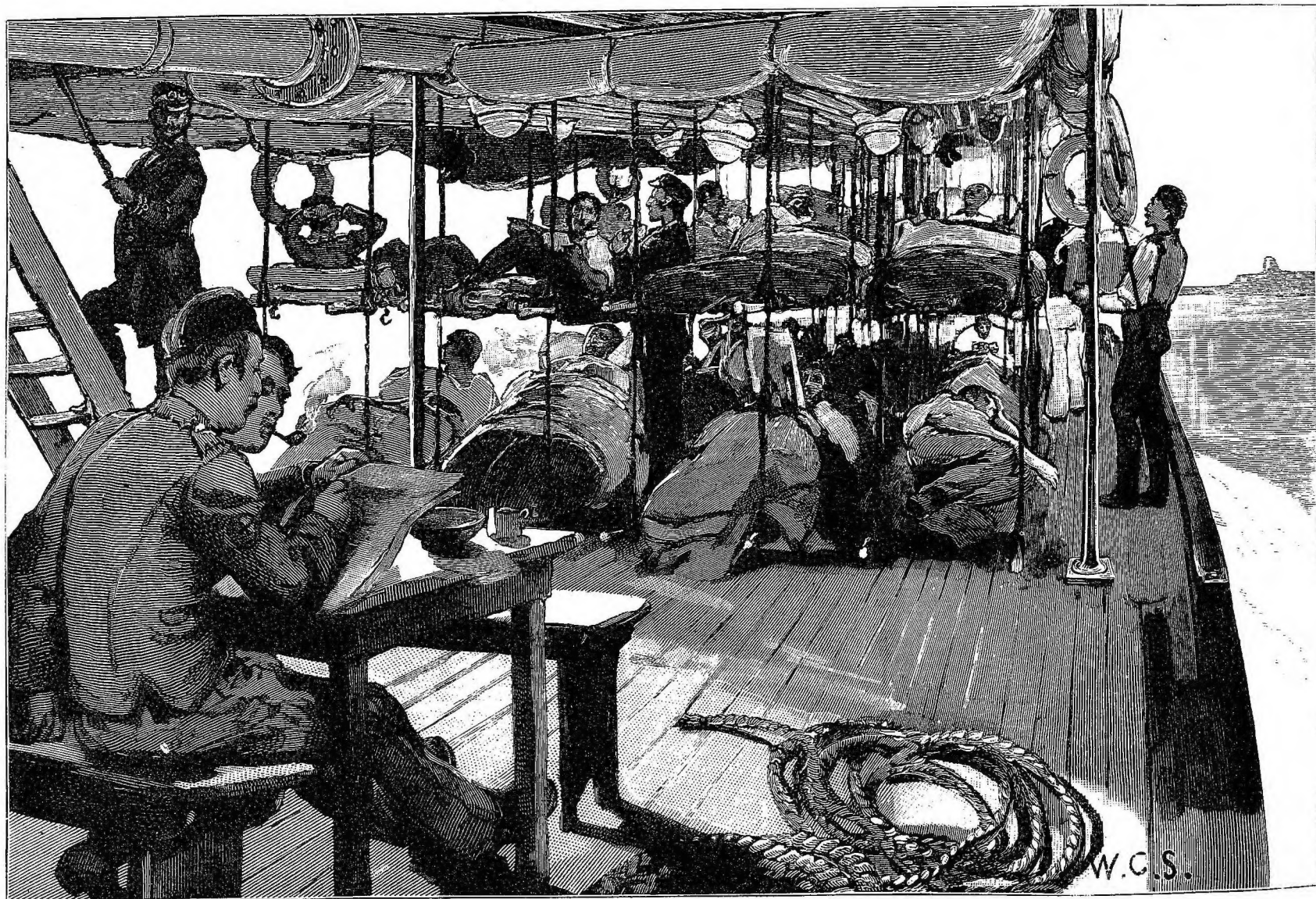
SICK AND WOUNDED ON BOARD A NUGGAR ON THE NILE



TRANSHIPPING WOUNDED AT DONGOLA FROM THE STEAMER TO A NUGGAR



"GOD'S ACRE" IN THE DESERT—BURYING SOLDIERS WHO DIED DURING THE JOURNEY FROM GUBAT TO KORTI

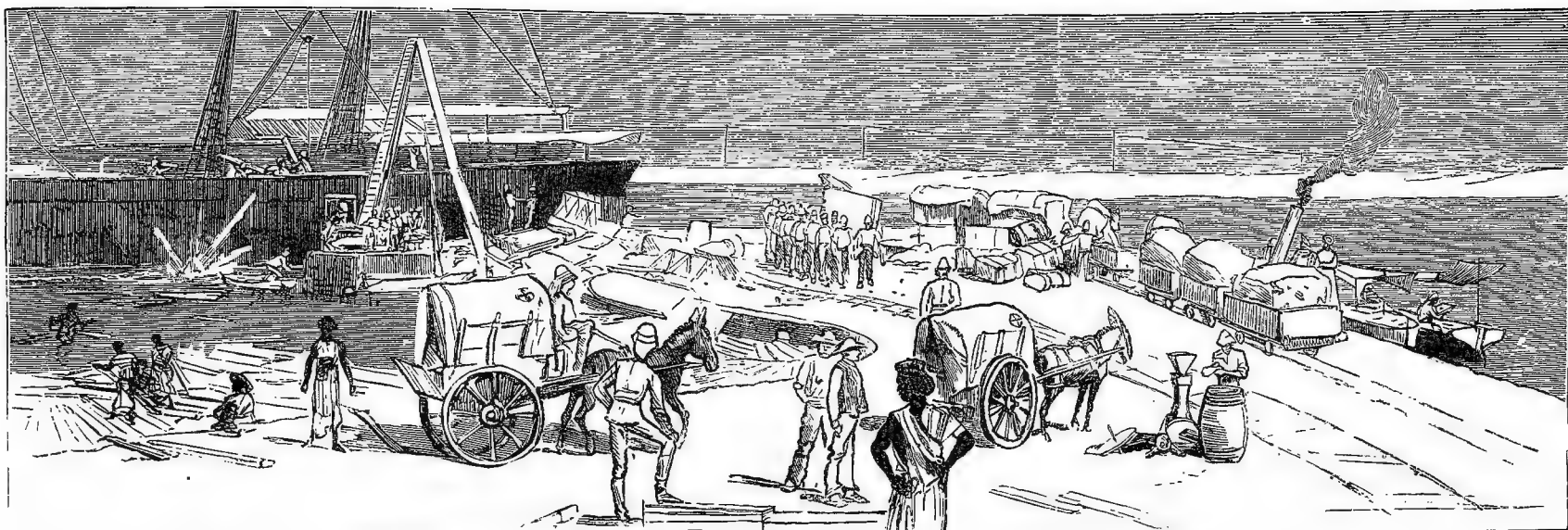


SICK AND WOUNDED ON BOARD THE "YARROW" BOAT "LOTUS" BETWEEN KORTI AND DONGOLA

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS





DISSEMBARKING MATERIAL FOR THE SUAKIM-BERBER RAILWAY



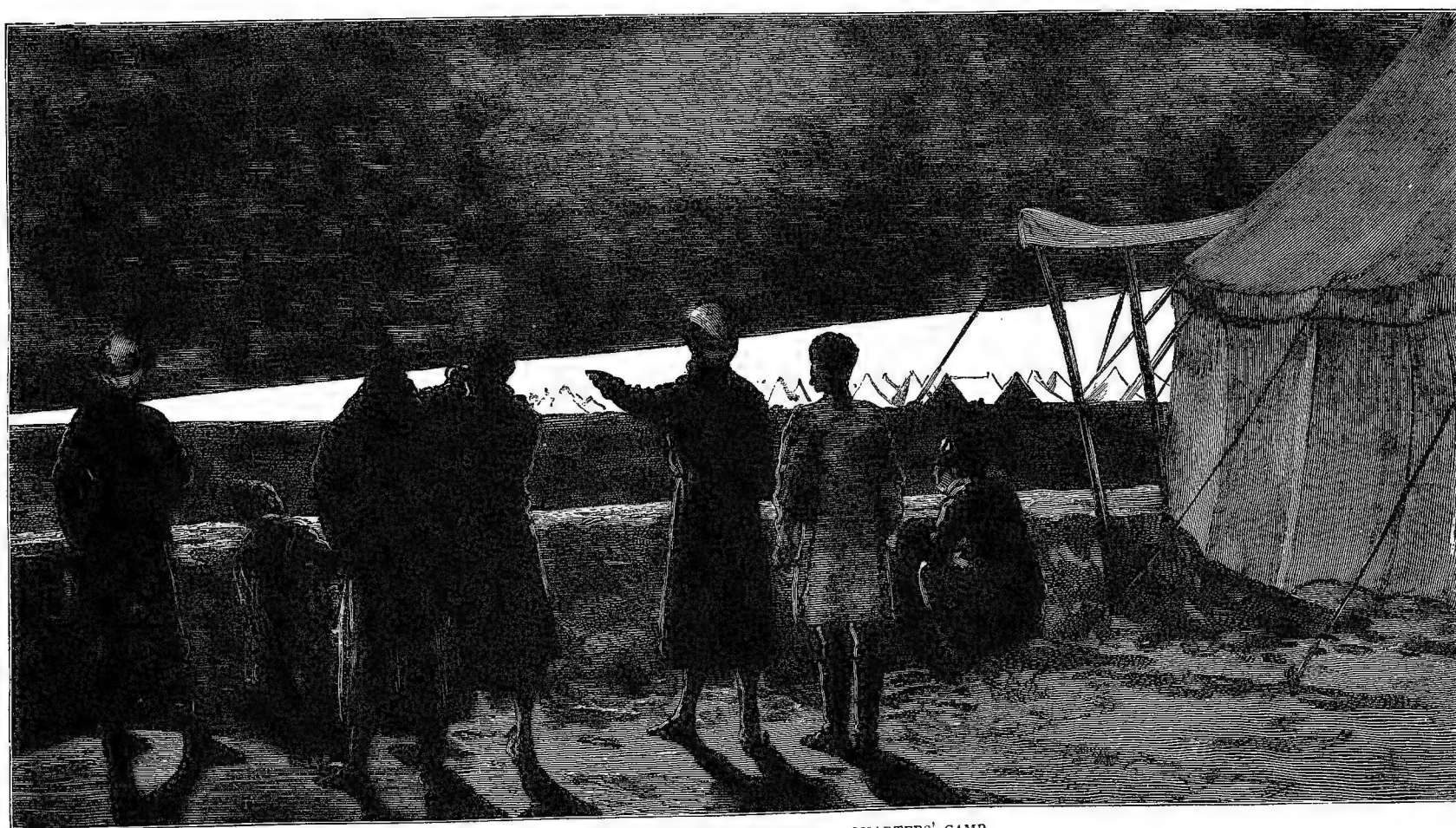
CAPTAIN FRANCIS JOHN ROMILLY, R.E.  
Killed in the Fight at Baker's Zeriba, March 22



LIEUTENANT A. T. F. EDWARDS  
Died at Suakim, March 23, from Wounds Received in the  
Fight at Baker's Zeriba



SURGEON ISAAC R. LANE, M.D., A.M.S.  
Died at Suakim, March 21, from the Effects of a Wound.  
Received at the Battle of Hasheen



A NIGHT ALARM AT SUAKIM.—THE HEAD QUARTERS' CAMP

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—WITH GENERAL GRAHAM AT SUAKIM  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP, AND A MILITARY OFFICER





GENERAL KOMAROFF's attack upon the Afghan outposts has greatly enhanced the strained relations between ENGLAND and RUSSIA. An official explanation of the affair has of course been demanded from the Russian Government, and a telegram has been published by the latter from General Komaroff giving his version of the causes which led to the action. He states that, having found an Afghan entrenchment on the left bank of the River Kushk, he had stationed his troops at a distance of five versts from their position. The Afghans, however, continued to advance their outposts until, on March 29, he summoned their commander to evacuate the left bank of the Kushk and the right bank of the Murghab immediately. This request was refused by the Afghan General, who stated that he acted on the advice of the English officers. General Komaroff then addressed another letter to the Afghans, and "to support his demands," marched against the Afghan positions, "still relying upon a peaceful issue." An artillery fire and a cavalry attack on the part of the Afghans, however, compelled him to accept battle. After defeating the Afghans and driving them completely out of Penjeh, General Komaroff appears to have withdrawn to his former position on the left bank of the Kushk. Sir Peter Lumsden's account of the matter, however, puts matters in a different light. He admits that the Afghans threw their forces across the river, but styles the movement not an advance, but merely the "occupation of a more favourable position," and states that on March 29th the Russian force was drawn up within range of the Afghan position, and that every endeavour was made to induce the Afghans to begin the fight. The Russian troops twice attempted forcibly to pass the Afghan pickets. Captain Yate then had an interview with the chief of the Russian Staff, who expressed complete ignorance of the arrangement of March 17, by which the Russians were not to advance beyond the positions they then held, and declined to give any assurance that the Afghans would not be attacked without previous notice. Next day the Afghans were attacked, routed, and Penjeh occupied by the Russians. General Komaroff's "explanations" have been wired to Sir Peter Lumsden, who, with his colleagues, have now retired to Tirpal, on the road between Meshed and Herat, while Sir Peter Lumsden's statement has been forwarded to St. Petersburg, attention being specially drawn to Captain Yate's allegation that the Russian officers knew nothing about the agreement of March 17th. Considerable delay in obtaining information from Sir Peter Lumsden has been incurred by the failure of the Persian telegraph line, but this has now been repaired.

In RUSSIA the news of the "regrettable incident," as M. de Giers euphemistically termed General Komaroff's attack, has greatly elated the war party, while the blame is generally laid upon the English officers, who are accused of stimulating the Afghans to hostilities, and of doing all they can to promote war; while Lord Dufferin's speech at Rawul Pindi is styled a direct challenge offered to Russia. General Komaroff is treated as a hero, and his victory is regarded not simply as a triumph over the Afghans, but as a success over the British. Meanwhile official circles are very quiet and reticent. The Czar made a special point of chatting with Sir Edward Thornton at a recent *soirée*, and a far less pessimist impression prevails than in England, as it is believed that Mr. Gladstone will go almost to any length rather than declare war. This impression is strengthened by the statement that the Bosphorus will be neutralised in the event of war, so that Russia would practically have only the Baltic ports to protect, while Muscovite commerce could easily find an outlet overland through Germany, and England, it is argued, would lose far more than Russia in the event of war. At the same time, the embarrassed condition of Russian finance is causing no little apprehension, while the news that France has concluded peace with China has created much uneasiness, as it is thought not unlikely that China may take an opportunity of paying off old scores for the Muscovite aggressions of past years. Meanwhile war preparations are being extensively carried on. The Mediterranean fleet has been recalled to the Baltic, war ships are being fitted out in the Gulf of Finland, while active inquiries are being made for fast steaming cruisers by Russian agents in the United States. Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff is also paying a significant visit to the Caucasus. Reinforcements are being hurried to the scene of action, and it is estimated that a force of 60,000 men are now probably available within a week's march of Herat.

Continental opinion on the crisis still inclines to the preservation of peace, Germany and Austria still refusing to believe that England will declare war, despite all the military preparations both at home and in India. Russia is thus looked upon as having once more secured a success by her wily diplomacy and the action of her irresponsible generals. While, however, in Germany the Afghans, and not the Russians, are held to be the aggressors, in Austria the Russians are looked upon as having purposely provoked hostilities. This, however, is treated as a small part of the question, it being remarked that the Russians, having driven the Afghans from Penjeh, can now occupy Herat with but little difficulty. England is pronounced to have once again missed an opportunity by her dilatoriness, inasmuch as while a few months since Russia was unprepared for war, and would have succumbed to an ultimatum, she is now fully prepared to contest the point in dispute with a large force on the spot. There is a remarkable unanimity amongst the Powers in agreeing that Turkey must remain neutral, and thus close the Dardanelles and Black Sea against British war vessels, and in forecasting that, should hostilities ensue, they will be confined to Central Asia. France, however, has been far less unhesitating in denouncing Russia as an aggressor, and far less ready to believe that England does not mean to fight. The *Temps* and the *Débats* both scoff at the Russian explanation, and point to her past policy as an evidence of her intention to advance southwards, and eventually attack India itself; while the *Débats* especially notes the dignity and calm with which the British Parliament is passing through the crisis. Prince Bismarck here, as indeed in other European countries, is urged to undertake the task of mediator, while in many circles it is pointed out that, considering Russia cannot count on the neutrality of Turkey, nor upon the loyalty of Poland, and that the Magyar subjects of Austria-Hungary may be found incapable of restraint (indeed an anti-Muscovite movement is already on foot), a conflict between England and Russia may involve Europe in the horrors of a general war. In the financial world, also, and particularly in Berlin, where great quantities of Russian Stock are held, the threatened war is looked upon with much dismay, as almost certain to bring about Russian bankruptcy. There has thus been a panic on nearly every Bourse in Europe.

In INDIA the Ameer has returned to his own country laden with honours, and professing the greatest possible friendship and gratitude towards England. He received the news of the Afghan defeat at Penjeh with apparent calmness, and, it is understood, recommends that the British troops should at present abstain from entering Afghanistan until the Russians begin their invasion in right earnest, when the Afghans will hail them as deliverers. The military preparations are being carried on with the utmost energy. Immense quantities of stores are being carried through the Bolan Pass, and in

a few days an army of 50,000 men could be concentrated at Pishin. The utmost enthusiasm prevails in all circles, and should peace be preserved, it is understood, much disappointment will be caused amongst the native potentates who have offered their services. The Patriotic Fund originated by the wealthy natives is increasing rapidly, and seventy lacs of rupees have been offered to the Viceroy by the Bengal Presidency alone. Lord Dufferin, speaking at Lahore on Wednesday, bore testimony to the loyalty of the native Princes and people, and spoke of the Penjeh action as an "unprovoked attack." Much satisfaction is felt at the arrest and internment by Persia of Ayoub Khan, the Ameer's rival, who would undoubtedly have been used by the Russians for their own purposes in the event of a war. Indeed, the arrest is stated to be due to the British Minister at Teheran, who had got possession of certain correspondence, in which Ayoub announced that "Russia had consented to assist him with troops and money to enable him to reconquer the heritage of his forefathers, that is, the whole of Afghanistan."

In EGYPT there has been little stirring, the chief news relating to the advance of the Suakim railway, which is being steadily pushed forward. On Monday a reconnaissance was made from Handoub to Otao, a distance of eight miles, but no enemy was seen. A definitive advance has accordingly been made of our outposts to that point, and a further advance is expected to take place to-day (Saturday). The whereabouts of Osman Digma and his forces are unknown, and an attempt is being made to treat with him by dropping letters from a balloon over Tamai and Tamaniab. Negotiations are also being carried on with the Amarras and other friendly tribes. Lord Wolsley is expected at Suakim, and will leave Cairo in a few days. According to the *Times*, the General and his Staff speak enthusiastically of the climate of the Bayuda desert, and report that the health and physique of the troops are perfect. All the information given as to the climate of the Soudan has proved to be false. Considerable sensation has been caused at Cairo by the enforcement of the long-pending decree suppressing the French journal, *Le Bosphore Egyptien*, which has so distinguished itself by its violent language towards England and the English. The occupation of the printing-office was forcibly opposed by the French Vice-Consul, and has been made the subject of diplomatic representations from the French Government.

In FRANCE the Sub-Committee of the International Commission for securing the neutrality and freedom of navigation of the Suez Canal has been meeting this week, and has been considering the British proposals. The prohibition of a blockade by any Power in time of war has been approved, but considerable discussion is expected over the form in which the guarantee and superintendence of the free navigation is to be carried out. Three propositions have been suggested, firstly, the creation of an International Commission similar to that of the Danube Commission, secondly, that Turkey should be entrusted with the protection of the Canal, and, thirdly, that the good faith and honesty of the Powers shall be trusted for the maintenance of the neutrality of the Canal. The original idea, as expressed in Lord Granville's circular of January, 1883, the sequence of which is the present Conference, was that Egypt herself should be allotted the task. The negotiations with China have been favourably progressing. General Brière de l'Isle has reported the cessation of hostilities, and that all necessary measures have been taken to guard against any surprise and misunderstanding. The Chinese Government on their side, also, to prevent a repetition of the unfortunate incident which destroyed the last Convention, has warned the various Viceroys and Governors to exercise great care that no acts of treachery may occur before the definitive Treaty is framed. Lu Vinh Phuoc, the victorious Chinese commander, is to be rewarded with a title and a handsome sum of money. Meanwhile, despite the peace preliminaries, France is sending out reinforcements to Tonkin, and has appointed General Roussel de Courcy as Commander-in-Chief in place of General Brière de l'Isle, who will be relegated to the command of one of the divisions. To turn to French internal affairs, the only topic of interest has been M. Ferry's repudiation of having concealed the peace negotiations from the new Ministry. He asserts that he had communicated full details of the conclusion of the peace preliminaries both to M. Brisson and M. de Freycinet before the meeting of the Chamber at which they demanded a credit for continuing the War. The responsibility therefore rests with them.

The rising in CANADA is calling forth all the energies of the Dominion Government, which is taking every possible step to prevent the outbreak from spreading, and to crush Riel and his followers. Nothing is known in confirmation of the alarmist reports which come from the United States of the migration of Indians on the war-path across the border, and the United States commander, General Terry, telegraphs that he has made inquiries, and found them untrue. Crowfoot also, Chief of the Blackfeet, has telegraphed to Sir John Macdonald that he will keep faith with the Great Mother, and will not make war upon the whites. "The young braves," he says, "shall spill no blood, and will keep on their farms." From Fort Pitt, however, comes the news of a terrible massacre at Frog Lake, the Indian agent, the farm instructor, two priests, three men, and a woman being killed. General Middleton is advancing with a force of 800 men to Humboldt, and expected to reach the river and encounter the enemy on Thursday. He has communicated with both Battleford and Fort Albert. Neither of the forts need assistance. A number of steamers, with troops and Gatling guns, were also despatched down the Saskatchewan from Swift Current to his assistance. The remainder of General Middleton's force is now massed at Winnipeg. General Stranger is also concentrating an expedition at Calgary, and will march northward towards Edmonton. The Dominion Parliament have been asked for a credit of 140,000*l.* for the expedition. Meanwhile the Manitoba Legislature have passed a resolution that the "House desires to place on record the fact that there is not the slightest disturbance in any part of Manitoba, and that the trouble is confined to remote districts of the North-West territory, more than 100 miles north-west of the settled portions of Manitoba. Thus any persons going to that province this spring can do so in the most perfect security."

MISCELLANEOUS. — In SPAIN there has been a suspicious epidemic, somewhat resembling cholera, at Jativa, and other villages of Valencia, but it is now decreasing. — In the UNITED STATES the possibility of an Anglo-Russian war is greatly stimulating commercial circles, and it is thought that a general revival of business in America will ensue should hostilities break out. — In CENTRAL AMERICA General Barillos has succeeded the late General Barrios as President of Guatemala. Tranquillity has not yet been restored at Panama, but the United States commander, Admiral Jouett, is protecting the transit across the whole line of railway from Aspinwall to Panama.



THE QUEEN leaves Aix-les-Bains next Tuesday or Wednesday for Darmstadt, where Her Majesty will remain until May 1, returning to England on the following day. Meanwhile the Queen and Princess Beatrice continue at the Villa Mottet, and make daily excursions round Aix.

On Sunday Her Majesty and the Princess attended Divine Service in the English Church; and on Tuesday the Princess Beatrice's twenty-eighth birthday was kept with great honours. Aix was decorated with flags, and rang her church bells; the Princess was presented with bouquets from the officers of the guard and the English and Austral an visitors in Aix, and was serenaded by the band of the French Dragoons; while in the evening the municipality gave an evening *fête* in the Princess's honour in the gardens of the Casino, which adjoin the Royal residence. A concert and display of fireworks were held, the Queen and Princess watching from the balconies. Lord Carlisleford has now left, and Sir John Walsham, Secretary to the British Embassy in Paris, has arrived instead of Lord Lyons, who is detained in Paris by public business. On returning to England the Queen will probably hold Drawing Rooms on May 12 and 14, and will go to Scotland about May 21 to spend her birthday at Balmoral as usual. One of the chief streets of Aix is to be called "Victoria Avenue" in memory of the Queen's visit.

The Prince and Princess of Wales' tour in Ireland is described in the article accompanying the illustrations. On their way home to England the Prince and Princess will stop at Bangor to present new colours to the Carnarvon Militia. — The Prince has taken the Marquis of Downshire's Berkshire seat, Easthampstead Park, for Ascot week. — The Princess of Wales will open a bazaar on June 24th, on behalf of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, and the Prince during the same month will inaugurate the new building of the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, Queen Square. — Prince Albert Victor will take his degree at Cambridge in June, when his father will probably be present.

The Duke of Edinburgh went to the House of Lords on Monday, and later accompanied his wife and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz to the Prince's Theatre. On Tuesday he presided at the meeting of the Royal Commission on Loss of Life at Sea, and again went to the House of Lords. — After the Ameer of Afghanistan's departure from Rawul Pindi, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught left on Saturday night for Meerut, where they will await the further development of the Anglo-Russian question. — Prince Charles of Sweden being convalescent from his attack of typhoid fever, King Oscar has left Constantinople for Stockholm, leaving the Queen with her son.



PREACHING to a very crowded congregation at St. Paul's on Sunday, Canon Liddon spoke regretfully and appreciatively of Lord Cairns, Lord Mayor Nottage, and the Countess of Selborne, observing that the first seeds of the disease which proved fatal to her had been laid by her benevolent labours for the sick and poor at the East End. He referred to Lord Mayor Nottage's "ready sympathy with the high enthusiasms which stirred the heart of the country." In most of the sermons in City Churches tributes of respect were paid to the late Lord Mayor, the "Dead March" in *Saul* being performed in many of them at the close of the Morning Service.

DR. BICKERSTETH, the new Bishop of Exeter, has received a testimonial of their regard a cheque for 1,000*l.* from present and past members of the congregation of Christ Church, Hampstead, of which he had been forty years the vicar. The erection of a mission hall at Hampstead, to be called the Bickersteth Memorial Hall, is also contemplated.

THE HEARING AT YORK of the much-talked-of case of the Vicar of St. Margaret's, Liverpool, against whom proceedings have been instituted for alleged Ritualistic practices, has been fixed by Lord Penance for the 23rd inst.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with the sittings of the Church Congress at Portsmouth, the usual annual Exhibition of Ecclesiastical Art will be held in its vicinity. Contributors to the loan collection are requested to send particulars of their proposed exhibits to the Manager of the Exhibition, Mr. John Hart, 33, Southampton Street, Strand.

IT SEEMS THAT DR. BARRY, the lately appointed Bishop of Sydney and Metropolitan of Australia, has ordered his clergy to refuse Church privileges to all persons who have contracted marriages with deceased wives' sisters, although by Colonial law they are marriages perfectly valid throughout Australia. Such, at least, is the statement made by Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., who has charge of the Bill for legalising these marriages in the mother country. He appends to it a letter which he has just received from the Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, saying that there are certainly four Bishops in Australasia, himself included, who do not disapprove of marriages of the kind, and that the laity are almost to a man in favour of them.

THE INHABITANTS OF ST. BRIDE'S PARISH have appointed a Committee to obtain estimates for the restoration of portions of their beautiful church, one of the most perfect of the fast-disappearing specimens of Sir Christopher Wren's ecclesiastical architecture. The Vestry has 1,500*l.* in hand, which will probably be sufficient for the purpose.



"NADESHDA." — The most important novelty of Mr. Carl Rosa's opera season, Mr. Goring Thomas's *Nadeshda*, was announced for production at Drury Lane on Thursday evening. Next week, the consideration of two other important works, Berlioz's hitherto unheard *Te Deum* and Antonin Dvorák's new symphony, will necessarily occupy a good deal of the space available in this column. It is therefore desirable to discuss *Nadeshda* now, although, as these remarks are written after witnessing the full rehearsal only, they will of course be merely descriptive, any criticism that may be necessary being postponed. That *Nadeshda* is a great advance upon Mr. Goring Thomas's previous opera, *Esmeralda*, is beyond dispute. The composer wields altogether a freer hand, and although he still follows the lines of the French School of Art, he has allowed his great and undeniable dramatic power fuller development. The libretto is by Mr. Julian Sturgis, who has already written several comediettas, although *Nadeshda* is, we believe, his first opera. At the outset we find, from the narration of the chorus, that the cruel Princess Natalia has resigned her Russian property to the noble-minded Prince Voldemar, her eldest son. The serf, Ostap, in a gloomy solo, expresses his fear that the son will be worse than the mother; but it is evident, by a bright and most effective series of choruses, that the other serfs do not believe him. Ostap is in love with the pretty serf Nadeshda, who, however, unhesitatingly rejects him. Nadeshda's song to the river, with its under-current in the orchestration illustrating the flow of the stream, is subsequently promoted to the dignity of a *leitmotif*. Nadeshda and Voldemar meet, and fall in love at first sight. But as the act closes, and



Voldemar's envious younger brother Ivan talks about demanding Nadeshda as the boon his brother has promised to grant him, it is clear there is trouble ahead. In the second act, while Nadeshda is singing her river song and setting the garland on Voldemar's chair in the castle hall, the young Prince enters. The situation somewhat resembles that in *Alceste*. Nadeshda tells Voldemar she is an orphan and a serf, and passing out, leaves the Prince to warble his love song. This song was found too exacting for the tenor voice, and it has been replaced by another, the theme, which subsequently becomes another *leitmotiv*, being incorporated in an *entr'acte*. Then follow the festivities, for which veritable Russian music is either utilised or imitated. The bread and salt are offered, and the girls, accompanied by descriptive matter for the chorus, dance the story of the temptation of the Russian wife, and her subjugation by the silken whip; and subsequently play the Muscovian game of finding the hoop of gold, the Russian counterpart of hunt the slipper. A dashing drinking song for Ivan discloses that person's villainy. He attempts to stab his elder brother, but is disarmed and banished. In the next act, after a chorus of serfs departing homeward from the day's labour, a highly important and elaborate love duet is sung. Then comes the contralto solo of the Princess, who has been summoned by Ivan. The Princess, furious at the preference her elder son has shown for the slave, orders her to be lashed with the knout. Voldemar protects her, and declares he will marry her. At the end of the act, during an attempt by Ivan to abduct the young serf, the villain is stabbed by Ostap. The last act opens with the preparations for the nuptials. In a lengthy duet the Princess threatens Nadeshda that Voldemar shall be banished unless the marriage is abandoned. The appearance of the dying Ivan, carried on the scene in a litter, however, changes the state of affairs. The Princess consents to the wedding, and all ends happily. Such is a necessarily brief sketch of a work which is confidently hoped will attain that great success for which the artists, Mesdames Valleria and Yorke, Messrs. McGuckin, Crotty, and Burgen, the conductor, Mr. Randegger, the scenic artist, Mr. Henry Emden, the inventor of the *mise en scène*, Mr. Augustus Harris, and the *impresario*, Mr. Carl Rosa, have all worked so zealously.

CARE ROSA OPERA.—Pending the production of *Nadeshda*, Mr. Carl Rosa relied upon the more familiar repertory. On the 9th *Lucia* was given, with Madame Burns as an excellent vocal representative of Scott's heroine, and Mr. Maas as a somewhat tame Edgardo. Mr. Randegger conducted, but the audience was small. On Saturday a crowded pit and gallery were attracted by *The Bohemian Girl*. Madame Burns, Miss Yorke, Messrs. Davies, Lyall, Snazelle, and Foote successfully played the chief parts. Mr. Goossens conducted. On Monday *Il Trovatore* was enacted, Madame Marie Roze repeating her familiar though excellent performance of Verdi's Leonora. Mr. Maas excited himself rather more than usual, and his Manrico was therefore all the more acceptable. On Tuesday, some music, though whence derived is not known, was interpolated for a procession of Guilds in the Fair Scene in *The Bohemian Girl*. The other tenors of the troupe being temporarily *hors de combat*, the services of Mr. J. W. Turner were brought into requisition. Mr. Ludwig was the Count, and Mr. Randegger conducted. It is wholly unnecessary to write further details of these hackneyed operas, played by well-known artists.

CONCERTS.—The only novelty at the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday was the "Bacchanal," from the fourth scene of M. Rubinstein's ballet, *The Vine*. It tells the story of the death of the Queen of the Vine. She is poisoned by a kiss from the monster Phylloxera, but Pan's subject, "Science," brings her again to life. M. Adolph Fischer played M. Saint Saëns's first violoncello concerto in A; the Symphony was the Seventh of Beethoven, and Madame Hughes Palzer sang. Signor Marini was announced, but was ill.—At the last Crystal Palace Serial Concert, to-day, Berlioz's *Te Deum* is promised, and at the extra concert, on the following Saturday, for Mr. Mann's benefit, certain extracts from Wagner's *Parsifal* will be performed.—Mr. Charles Hallé has announced his new series of Classical Concerts on Saturday afternoons at Prince's Hall, beginning May 9.—On the 24th instant the late Madame Sainton's pupils will perform that distinguished artist's last published cantata, founded on the *Florimel* of Spenser's "Faery Queen."—The Richter London Concerts will begin on the 27th instant.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The arrivals in town include Señor Sarasate, who begins his orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall this (Saturday) afternoon, and Herr Richter, who starts on a provincial tour with his orchestra on Monday. Next week Herr Anton Dvorák and Madame Nilsson are expected. Madame Pauline Lucca, Madame Sembrich, Herr Wilhelmj, and others whose names have been announced, will, it is understood, not come to London this year.—Mr. Prout's new Organ Concerto in E flat, No. 2, was produced last week at Bristol.—Mr. Cowen's *Scandinavian* Symphony was performed at M. Godard's concert, Paris, last Sunday.—The report that Dr. von Bülow had injured his finger and was unable to play is untrue. The pianist appeared at the Colonne Concert, Paris, last Sunday, and played Beethoven's Concerto in G.—Madame Hélène Crosmont will appear next August at a few special operatic representations during the fair season at Leghorn. She will then return to England for provincial concert business.—Signorina Margherita Schira, a sister of the late Signor Schira, and an operatic vocalist for whom Mercadante composed, died last week, at Milan, at the advanced age of eighty-two.



THE ROYAL DUBLIN SHOW, coinciding with the date of the Royal visit to Ireland, has proved an extraordinary success. The Show itself was, on the whole, the best that has ever been held in Dublin, and the presence of the Royal Party together with that of Lord Lieutenant attracted an enormous crowd of visitors. The best feature of the Show itself was the fine collection of Shorthorns, while among the Shorthorns the yearling bulls commanded very especial approval and attraction. No fewer than 124 animals were shown in this one class, and quite a third of these were really of special merit, often enough to equal first-prize level at an ordinary provincial Show. The Hereford breed of cattle was well represented, and a Show which gives us exhibitions of Shorthorns and of Herefords each considerably above *par* would be entitled to the name of a success, even were there no other breeds present. Kerry cattle, however, were also present, and Polled and Jerseys were a good show. Shire and Clydesdale horses were satisfactorily represented, and the dry, bracing weather left the animals at the Show in excellent health.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE has again disappeared from this country, but the Privy Council will not escape severe criticism if it should break out afresh. The disease is known to exist in Germany, whence the last outbreak is proved to have originated. This the Privy Council themselves admitted, and Hamburg, Bremen, and Geestemünde were at once scheduled as ports whence

cattle were not to be imported into England. Yet hardly has this scheduling been duly notified before another order is promulgated, and the embargo is raised. It seems absurd to speak of "trucking to Germany" over a small affair of this kind; still we know how keenly the German Chancellery looks after very minor interests, and it really does almost look as though the embargo had been removed in response to a stiff remonstrance from Berlin. But if this be so, English farmers must speak out, and through the county members tell the Government that they will not have the free importation of cattle disease, to please any Foreign Power. The Royal Agricultural Society and other agricultural institutions should protest against such a trifling with danger as this sudden reopening of the closed ports appears to be.

PURE LINSEED CAKE is a fine food for cattle, but from some recent analyses published by the Royal Agricultural Society, the article appears to be somewhat difficult to procure. A firm which had sold very hard-pressed cake, extremely poor in oil, low in albuminous compounds, and largely admixed with starchy impurities, replies to the analysis:—"Our general habit is to work North Russian seed, which yields a softer, darker, more albuminous cake; but last year the North Russian seed crop was a failure, and it is not to be got now. Therefore we have to fall back on the Indian seeds, which are poorer in albumen and make a very light-coloured cake, which it is usual to darken with Black Sea rape cake. You will find all such English cake not so darkened lighter in colour than usual this year, and you can generally detect the rape by the taste." It is well that English farmers should know these things when buying cake for their cattle.

MAY DAY this year will see no horse parade on the Embankment, for, although "the vast proportions of London street traffic" can be easily managed when a political demonstration has to be facilitated or a Lord Mayor's Show seen, yet, for a purpose which the Prince of Wales has strongly approved, and which half the great horse-owning firms and companies in London are backing up, the difficulties are found insuperable and the whole affair "impossible." The plan has been burked for one year, but we hope it will be heard of again in 1886. A procession of the heavy horses of London would be a fine sight, and the prizes to be given would encourage the kind treatment of the noble, patient animals, the numbers and appearance of which already, perhaps, more than anything else, distinguish the streets of London from those of all Continental cities.

THE PRICE OF CORN rose immediately the news of the Battle of Pindjeh reached England. In London on that day sellers mostly held for further news, and on the following day 3s. advance in wheat, 2s. 6d. on flour, 2s. on oats, and 1s. 6d. on maize and barley, was quoted. Buyers resisted these prices, but without much effect, as 2s. 6d. advance on bread-stuffs, and 1s. 6d. on feeding-stuffs, may now be regarded as established. At the same time, the large quantities of grain already on passage to the United Kingdom are reassuring from the buyers' point of view.

STARLINGS.—Canon Furse was the witness last week of a desperate fight between two starlings, these sadly "unsaved" birds choosing the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey for their battle ground. When the Canon arrived on the scene, "each had one claw firmly fixed on the head of the other, and with the other claw held fast to the body of his opponent. I tried in vain to separate them with my umbrella; but there they lay looking as nearly as could be quite dead. Finally, I thought it best to kill them outright, and accordingly hit one a smart rap on the head." But even Canons sometimes fail to kill; for "they separated with a wild screech, and flew strongly off to a tree," where they quietly arranged their ruffled feathers, and shortly afterwards departed, after thus strangely occupying one of the canonical hours. It was very curious that a large number of sparrows sat on the ground encircling the combatants, for all the world like a small mob of street urchins round two men fighting. Starlings often fight desperately in the spring, and we have even heard of two fighting males being captured with the hand.

### THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

THE Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor left Marlborough House on the evening of Tuesday, April 8th, for the purpose of proceeding to Ireland. The hour of starting had not been publicly made known, but somehow it was an open secret, and crowds assembled along the line of route between Marlborough House and Euston to bid the travellers God-speed.

The train quitted Euston at 6.15 p.m. It consisted of an engine, five saloons, and a couple of brake-vans. The central carriage was divided into comfortably furnished sitting and sleeping compartments, lighted with compressed gas. The whole distance of 265 miles from Euston to Holyhead was accomplished in six hours, including the two stoppages at Rugby and Crewe. Remarkable precautions were taken to ensure the safety of the Royal party. Neither luggage trains, nor even the fast or special night traffic trains from Holyhead, were allowed to run on the up-line within half an hour of the approach of the Royal train; the facing-points were locked and double-locked; men were stationed at half-mile intervals on the line between Chester and Holyhead; and a pilot engine ran all the way from Euston in front of the Royal train. It is perhaps fortunate for the shareholders of the L. and N. W. R. that such journeys are not of very frequent occurrence.

The Royal yacht *Osborne* was wharfed alongside the Admiralty Pier at Holyhead, and, soon after the arrival of the train, had embarked her passengers and started for Kingstown.

In honour of the visit of the Royal party the Channel Fleet, under the command of Admiral De Horsey, had already arrived in the roads off Kingstown. The ships composing the squadron were the *Minotaur* (flagship), the *Sultan*, the *Neptune*, the *Northumberland*, and the *Achilles*. At 10 A.M. on Wednesday a signal was given from the flagship, and immediately all the vessels of the Channel Fleet were decorated from stem to stern. The *Belleisle*, guardship, which lay at anchor in the harbour, was similarly dressed, and there was a long line of flags extending across the East Pier Battery.

At 11 A.M. the booming of guns announced the arrival of the *Osborne*, and presently she hove round the East Pier, which was crowded with sightseers who cheered lustily. Then the Royal yacht steamed slowly into the harbour amid such vociferous applause that the notes of the National Anthem, played by the band of the Highland Light Infantry, could scarcely be heard. Various distinguished visitors, among others Admiral de Horsey and his Staff, then went on board and were presented to their Royal Highnesses. The Prince stayed on deck, but the Princess, finding it cold, went below. At noon the Viceroyal party, accompanied by the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, arrived from Dublin, and went on board the Royal yacht.

Soon after this the Royal party landed, and as soon as the Prince had received and replied to an address by the Kingstown Commissioners, the *cortège* proceeded to the railway station, where a special train was waiting. In fifteen minutes' time, that is, at 12.45 P.M., the terminus at Westland Row was reached. Here the Royal party was heartily welcomed by a number of persons who occupied stands which had been erected on the platform, and addresses were presented by the President of the City Reception Committee and the Hon. Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce.

Hitherto the Royal party had been received by carefully-selected crowds, but when they passed into the streets of the Irish metropolis

their reception was equally enthusiastic, and cheer after cheer resounded from the windows and balconies, which were packed with people. As the procession went on the enthusiasm became more intense; and the ladies, not content with waving their handkerchiefs, joined audibly in the cheers. The streets were profusely decorated with flags, banners, emblems, and triumphal arches, and, as the Royal carriages, preceded and followed by the 16th Lancers and the 18th Hussars, advanced under the waving canopies and draperies of vivid hues between a dark, dense multitude, lightly fringed with the lines of Infantry, the spectacle was remarkably effective. After the Royal party had reached the Castle some 300 students of Trinity College marched through Dame Street cheering and carrying two flags, neither of which, however, was the purloined city flag. They were greeted with cheers and laughter.

After luncheon the Royal party visited the Spring Show of the Royal Dublin Society, at Ballybridge. Here the Prince and Princess were most heartily received. In his reply to the usual address, the Prince dwelt on the services rendered to agriculture generally, and to the rearing of horses and cattle especially, by the efforts of such associations.

The return journey was by a different route, but the signs of loyalty were equally conspicuous. In Dawson Street, in which the Mansion House is situated, there was one of the finest displays of bunting in the city, though the Lord Mayor's residence was conspicuous by its colourless appearance. But it was noticed that the civic flag, which was obtained to replace the one taken, floated at the flagstaff.

On Thursday, April 9th, the Prince of Wales presented himself to the extremes of Dublin Society, beginning the morning by a tour through the Seven Dials of the City, and passing thence to the Levee. It is said that the idea of visiting Ireland first occurred to H.R.H. while sitting on the Commission to inquire into the condition of the London poor, and he lost no time after his arrival in seeing for himself a type of the dirty dwelling-places of the very poor, and a type of the model artisan's cottage which ought everywhere to be the workman's home of the future. These visits were reckoned to be private, and the exploring party consisted of the Prince and his son, accompanied by Captain Hammond and Mr. Francis Knollys, piloted by Dr. Cameron, the superintendent medical officer of health. On alighting from the carriage, Prince Albert Victor made a practical acquaintance with the soil of Ould Ireland, for his foot having slipped on a heap of vegetable refuse, he measured his length on the ground. The house visited was a four storey house in Golden Lane, which had seen better days, but is now in a very rickety dilapidated condition. The inhabitants welcomed the Prince and "his fine son" with the utmost heartiness.

Thence the Royal visitors were driven through the Combe, where the clearances were pointed out which had been made by the Corporation under the Public Health Act. Then, through Meath Street, to the new cottages, which have been constructed by the Dublin Artisans' Dwelling Company. The people received the Prince most cordially. A single policeman was present. Indeed, wherever the Prince went, no additional constables were employed. He went among the people with a trust and a confidence which they seemed to appreciate. The third visit was by the South Circular Road to the Kialto Buildings, recently erected by Mr. Edward Cecil Guinness for his men. They are three storeys high, and are provided with a playground for children. They will accommodate about 100 families, at rentals of from 2s. 6d. to 3s. a week.

We defer until next week full details of the further progress of the Royal Party. A brief summary must suffice here. The subsequent incidents of the 9th inst. were the Levee at the Castle, the visit of the Princess to Alexandra College, and the Princess's Drawing Room at St. Patrick's Hall. On Friday, the 10th inst., addresses were presented by thirty public bodies to the Prince, who also laid the foundation stone of the New Museum of Science and Art. Then, at the Royal University, the Prince of Wales was made a Doctor of Laws, the Princess a Doctor of Music. In the evening there was a State ball. On Saturday, the 11th inst., the Alexandra Basin, at the North Wall, was opened, and visits were made to Trinity College and the Artane Industrial School. On Sunday the Prince and Princess went to Church at the Chapel Royal, and drove through Phoenix Park to Lord Annally's house. On Monday the 13th inst., the Prince presented new colours to the Cornwall Regiment. The Royal party then started for the South, where they stayed at Lord Listowel's seat at Convamore. On Wednesday they visited Cork.



THE TURF.—On Saturday last the Leicestershire Spring Handicap was decided, and after the two splendid turns backers had in the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National, the bookmakers had theirs, as Lord Bradford's Whitelock, starting almost unbacked at 33 to 1 in a field of nearly a score, landed the rich stake. Criterion was second, and had he not swerved towards the finish he would probably have won for Mr. H. T. Barclay, who, will be remembered, is the owner of Bendigo, the recent Lincolnshire winner. However, Mr. Barclay must not complain of Dame Fortune, as last week he won three races in succession at Croxton Park, being his own jockey, and the fourth he also secured with a professional in the saddle. Northampton has been the chief meeting of the present week, where Earl Spencer's Plate fell to Cairo, who, curiously enough in the way of nomenclature, divided the favouritship with Gordon, and the Northamptonshire Stakes to Marmora, an outsider. The Bard, who won the Two-Year-Old Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln, and the Molyneux at Lincoln, secured easily enough, despite his penalty, the Althorpe Park Stakes and the Ascott Plate. He is evidently one of those two-year-olds who is likely to carry all before him, and, presuming he keeps sound, to figure conspicuously next year in the Derby.—Paradox still advances both in the Two Thousand and Derby markets, and if all goes well with him, will probably be one of the hottest favourites of recent years. The Duke of Richmond and Bird of Freedom continue at the head of the price current for the City and Suburban.

HUNTING.—Though fox-hunting has well-nigh ceased for the season, the cry of hounds is heard along many a stream where otters, the enemies of the angler, are still to be found. Within a comparatively short distance of London, the West Cumberland otter hounds have for some time been busy in the Valley of the Kennet, and will doubtless account for several "vermin" before they return northward. It is a matter of wonder that otters still exist anywhere in this country, considering that every man's hand is against them, as well as "engines" of all kinds.

FOOTBALL.—The season is now in its penultimate stage, and indeed even further advanced than this. Cricket, indeed, has not yet taken the place of football, but it soon will despite of searching winds from the East and North, which seem to have firmly established themselves, and make football a much more congenial game than the less violent pastime. Looking back on the football season, the game in both its forms is not only as popular as ever, but is still increasing in favour notwithstanding the repeated attempts to decry it as a brutal and dangerous pastime. The Association match





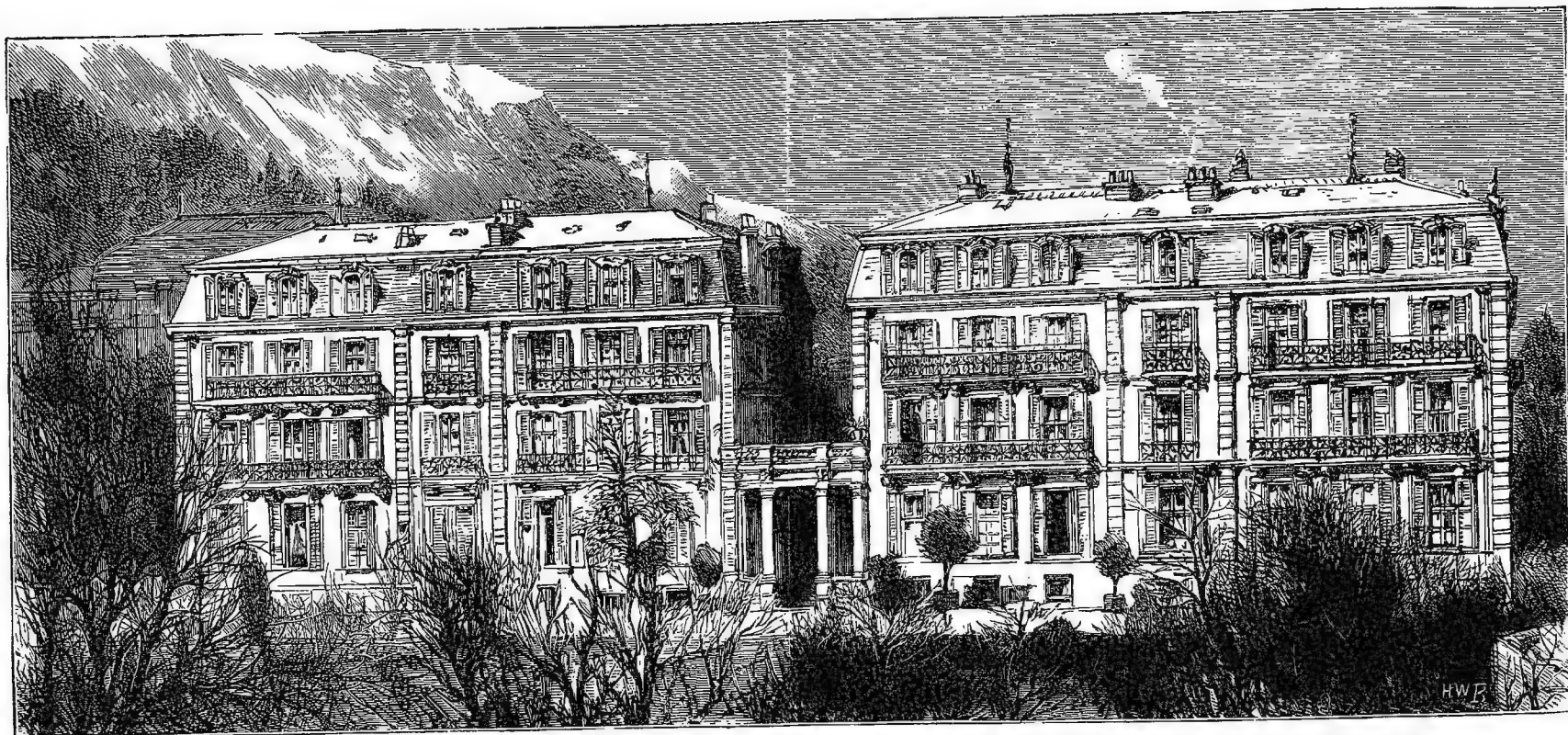
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PETER S. LUMSDEN, K.C.B., C.S.I.  
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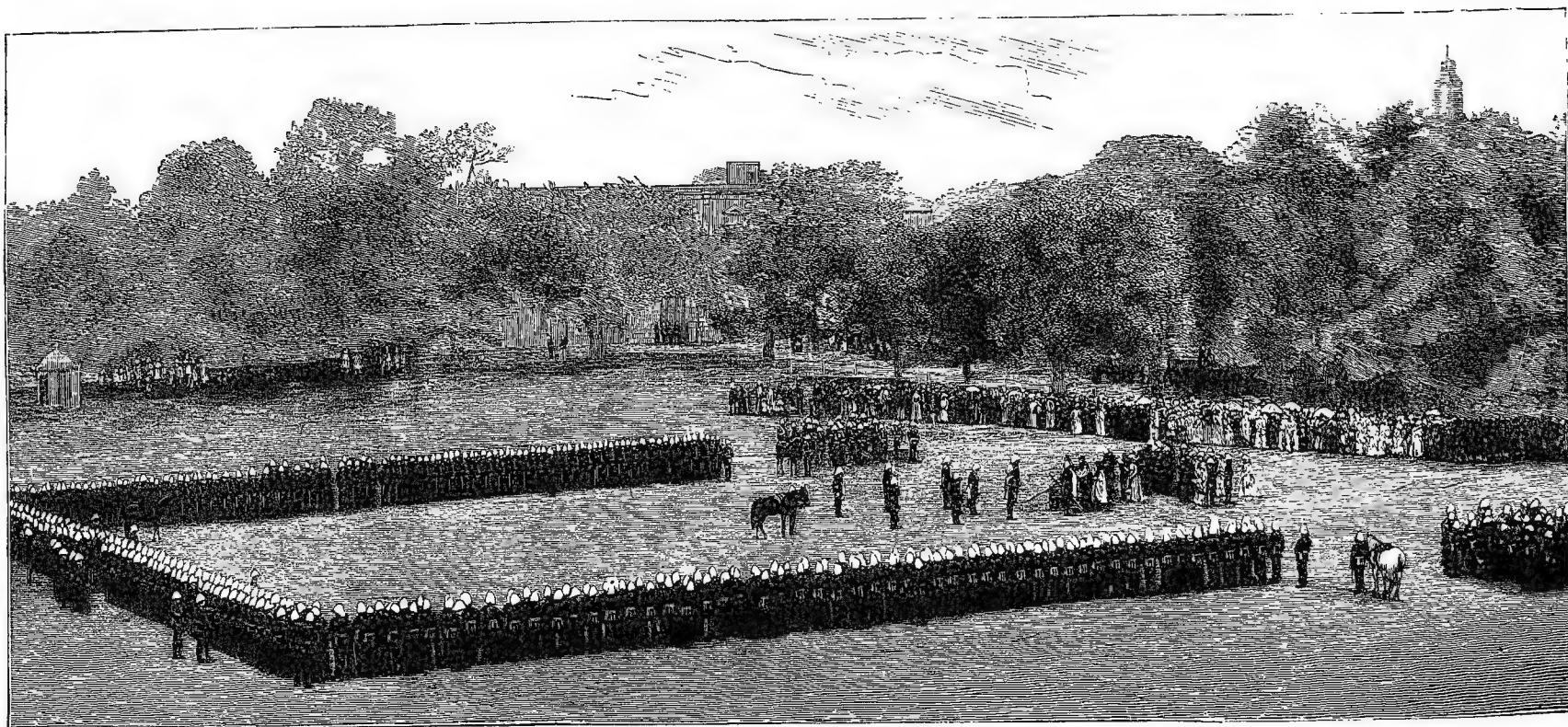
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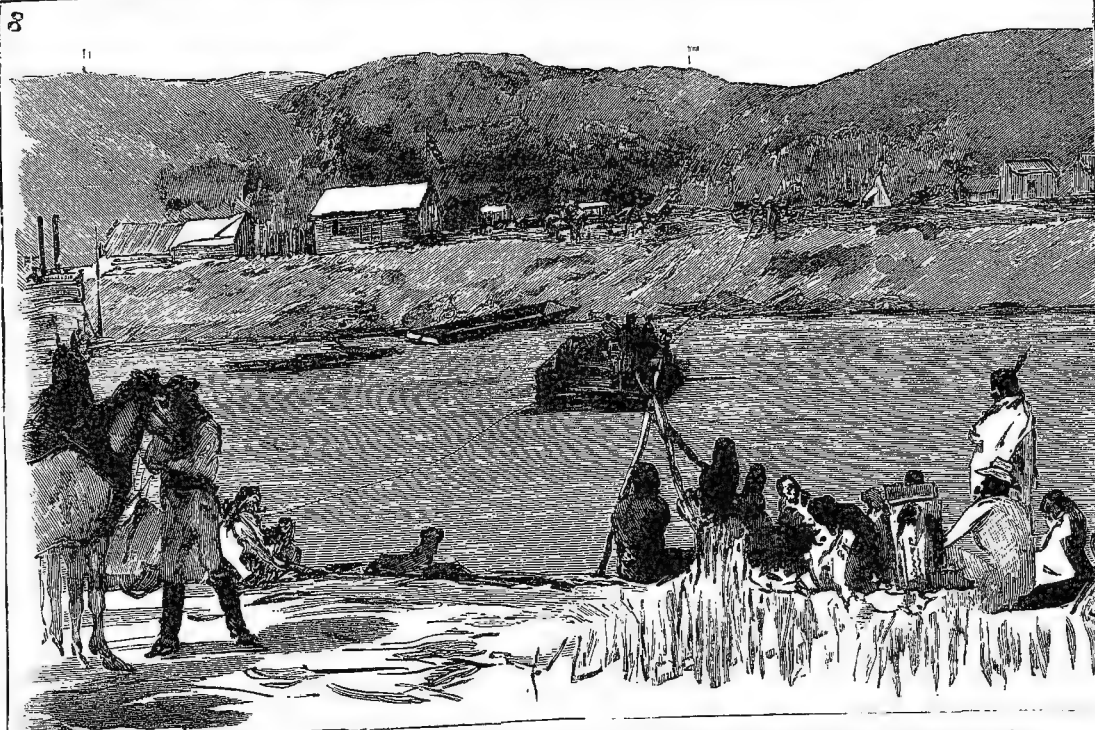
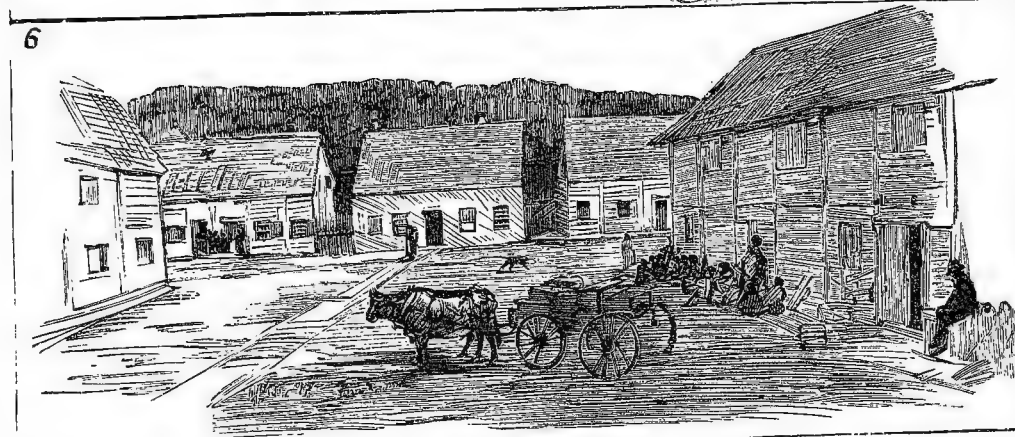
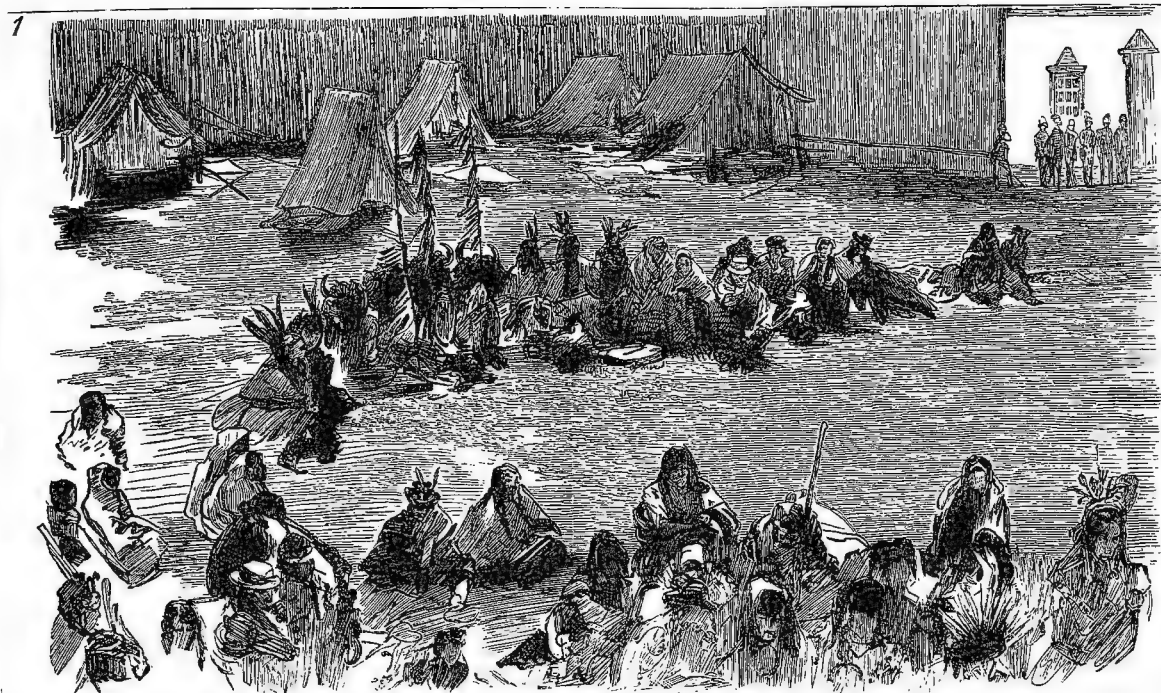


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between Wales and Ireland, at Belfast, on Saturday last, concluded the international contests for the season, when Wales secured an easy victory by eight goals to two.

**AQUATICS.**—The recent sculling matches in Australia have led to all kinds of propositions in reference to further trials between professional "cracks." A big prize, it is said, is to be offered for a race among them in America, and if Beach declines to join in it the winner is to be sent free of expense to battle with him in Australia. Then, again, it is rumoured that an admirer of Wallace Ross will back his pet to meet him on the Thames.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—A few months ago Mr. J. E. Dixon was credited at Birmingham with fifty miles in 6 h. 20 min. 47¼ sec., but doubts were afterwards thrown on the accuracy of the time-keeping. To set matters at rest, if possible, and to enable Mr. Dixon to substantiate his performance, a fifty-mile race was arranged by the South London Harriers at Balham on Saturday last, when Mr. Dixon fairly eclipsed his previous feat by no less than 2 min. 21 sec., and thus unquestionably holds "the fastest on record."

**ANGLING.**—The Thames trout season, which commenced—appropriately enough as some would say—on the 1st of April last, has not been a prolific one hitherto, though some few fine fish have been landed. Last season, it will be remembered, was an exceptionally good one, and large trout are showing themselves abundantly between Richmond and Marlow; but the cold wind evidently disinclines them from taking either live or spinning bait with any spirit. The edict of the Thames Conservancy against fishing from the weirs, except at Teddington, has raised a tremendous outcry among the enthusiastic troutmen. If it has been issued on the score of danger which attends the use of these coigns of vantage, statistics of accidents do not support it. The only persons likely to occupy the weirs are skilled anglers, who know very well what they are about, and are fully able to take care of themselves.



LORD SHAFTESBURY has suggested the appropriateness of a memorial to the late Lord Cairns at Bournemouth, where he lived and where he earnestly supported several of the local institutions. Prominent among them was the Bournemouth Young Men's Christian Association, and it is proposed that 5,000l. be raised to purchase and furnish premises now being erected, which should be placed in the hands of trustees for the use of that Association, under the name of Cairns House. Lord Shaftesbury adds that this form of memorial will be thoroughly acceptable to Lord Cairns's family, and that donations may be paid to "The Cairns Memorial Fund," Wilts and Dorset Banking Company, Bournemouth; or to the Union Bank of London, Charing Cross Branch. A Committee is to be formed immediately.

SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN has not been long permitted to occupy the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Appointed to it in December, 1883, in succession to the Right Hon. H. Law, he died on Monday, in his sixty-fourth year, very suddenly, from an attack of gout in the stomach, after having on that very day transacted the business at Dublin Castle. Born in 1822, he was called to the Irish Bar in 1848, and appointed Irish Solicitor-General in 1865, when he entered the House of Commons as a Liberal Member for Mallow, his birthplace. Becoming in 1868 Irish Attorney-General, he played a prominent part in piloting through the House of Commons the Irish Church Bill and Mr. Gladstone's first Irish Land Bill. Sir Edward Sullivan was a very skilful lawyer and

an excellent judge, uniting to great legal knowledge and acumen what is not always found combined with them, judicial promptitude and decision.

THE ACTION FOR LIBEL to be brought by Mr. Adams against Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, the mere announcement of which created the liveliest interest, will probably be tried, if no compromise is come to, in about a fortnight. The Attorney-General is Lord Coleridge's leading counsel, and it is understood that Mr. Adams will not on this occasion conduct his case in person.

THOUGH MRS. WELDON is in Holloway Prison, her spirit still haunts the Law Courts, and it is quite possible that some time before her term of incarceration has expired she may again visit them in person. With the reassembling, on Tuesday, of the High Court of Justice, she applied through counsel to the Court of Appeal for a writ of *habeas corpus*, to enable her to appear in a case in which she is plaintiff, and which was set down for hearing on that day. The Court did not grant the application, but Lord Coleridge intimated that if, when the case came on, it was found necessary for Mrs. Weldon to be present, they had the power to have her brought before them.

LADY SUPERIORS of Roman Catholic Convents in England have been frequently victimised by an Italian impostor, one Octavio Linati, who pretended to belong to the noble Italian family of that name, with which he has in reality no connection, his father being a glazier. From their reluctance to prosecute he has hitherto escaped punishment. His career of imposture has at last, however, been cut short by the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas and a Roman Catholic priest at Fulham, from whom he succeeded in obtaining loans by representing himself to be Prince Borghese from Rome, and who prosecuted him this week at the Middlesex Sessions. He was convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

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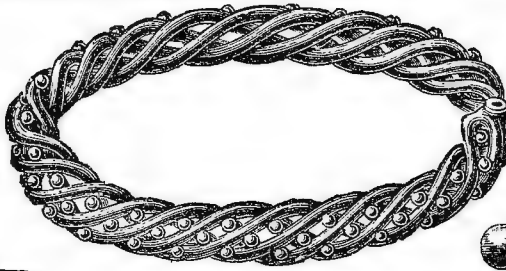
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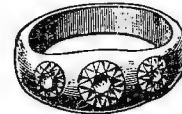
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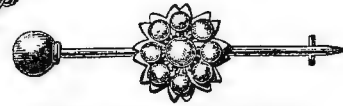
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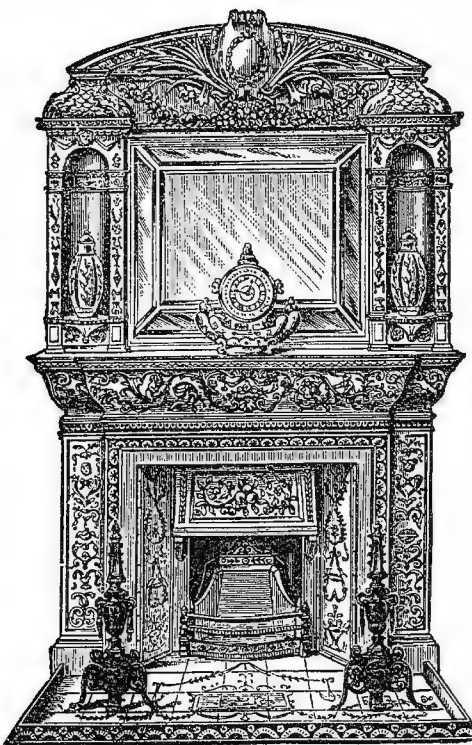
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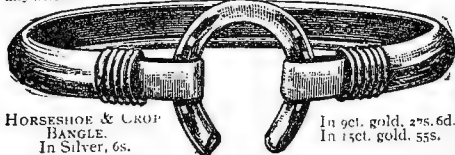
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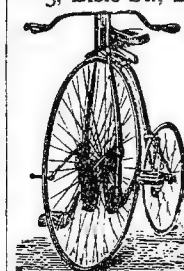
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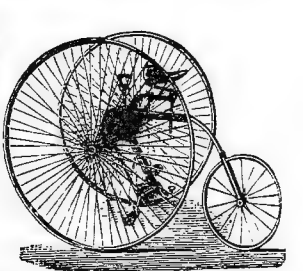
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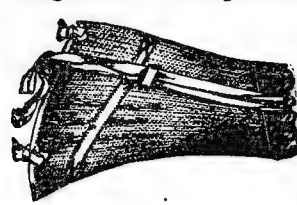
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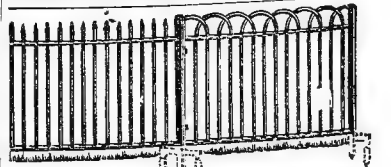
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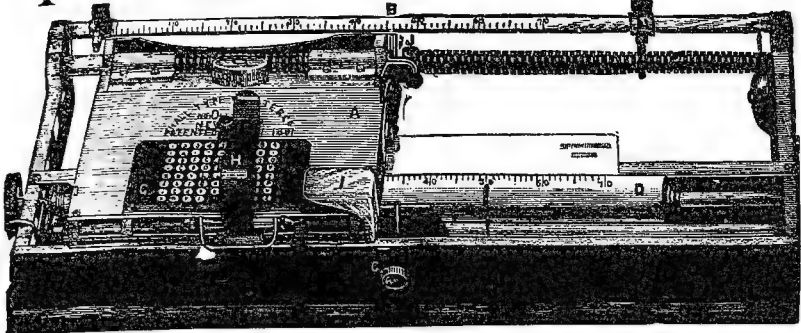


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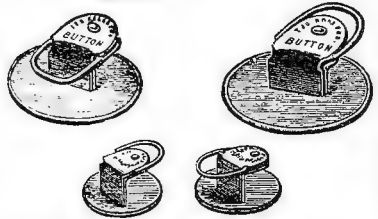
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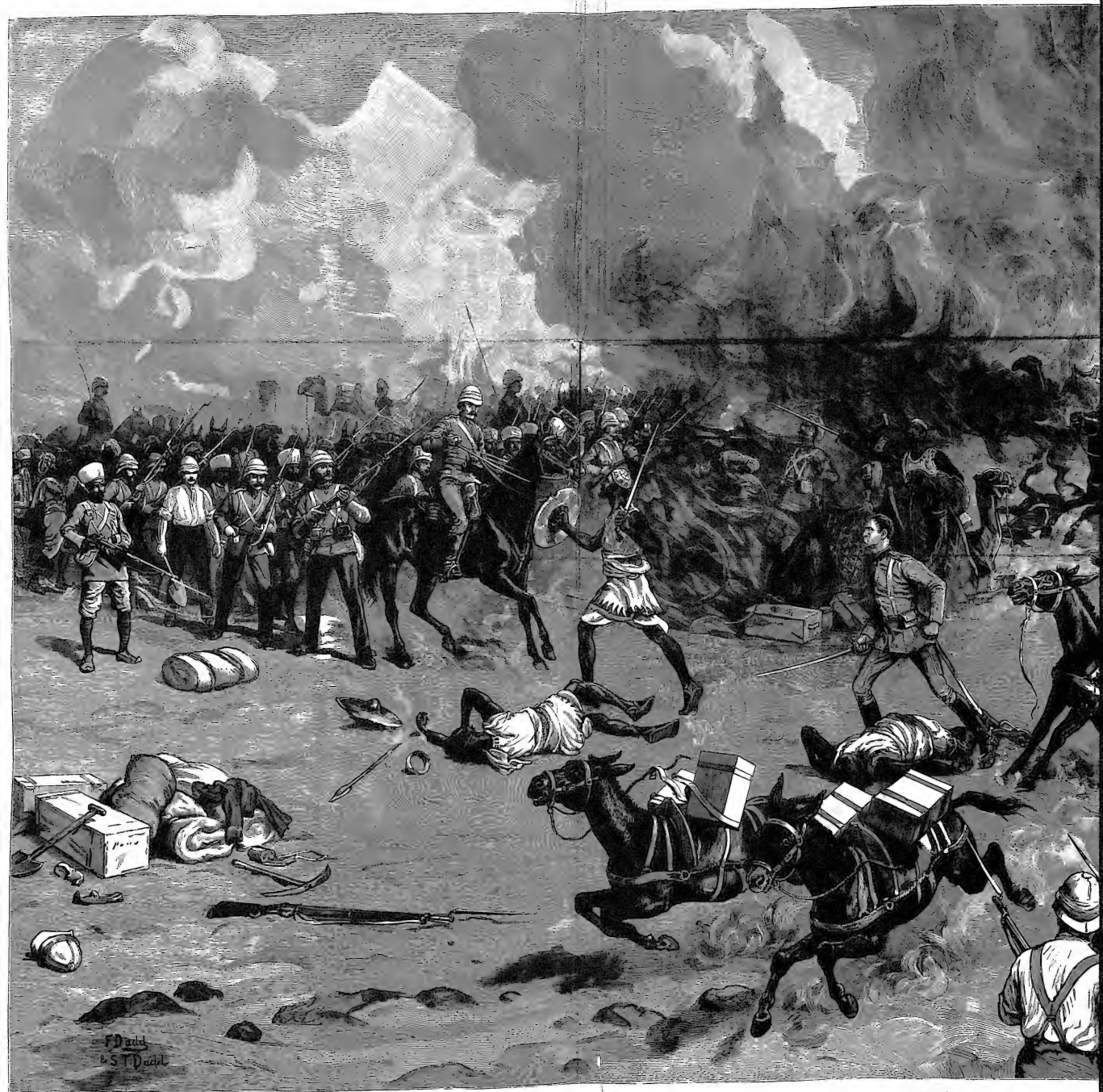
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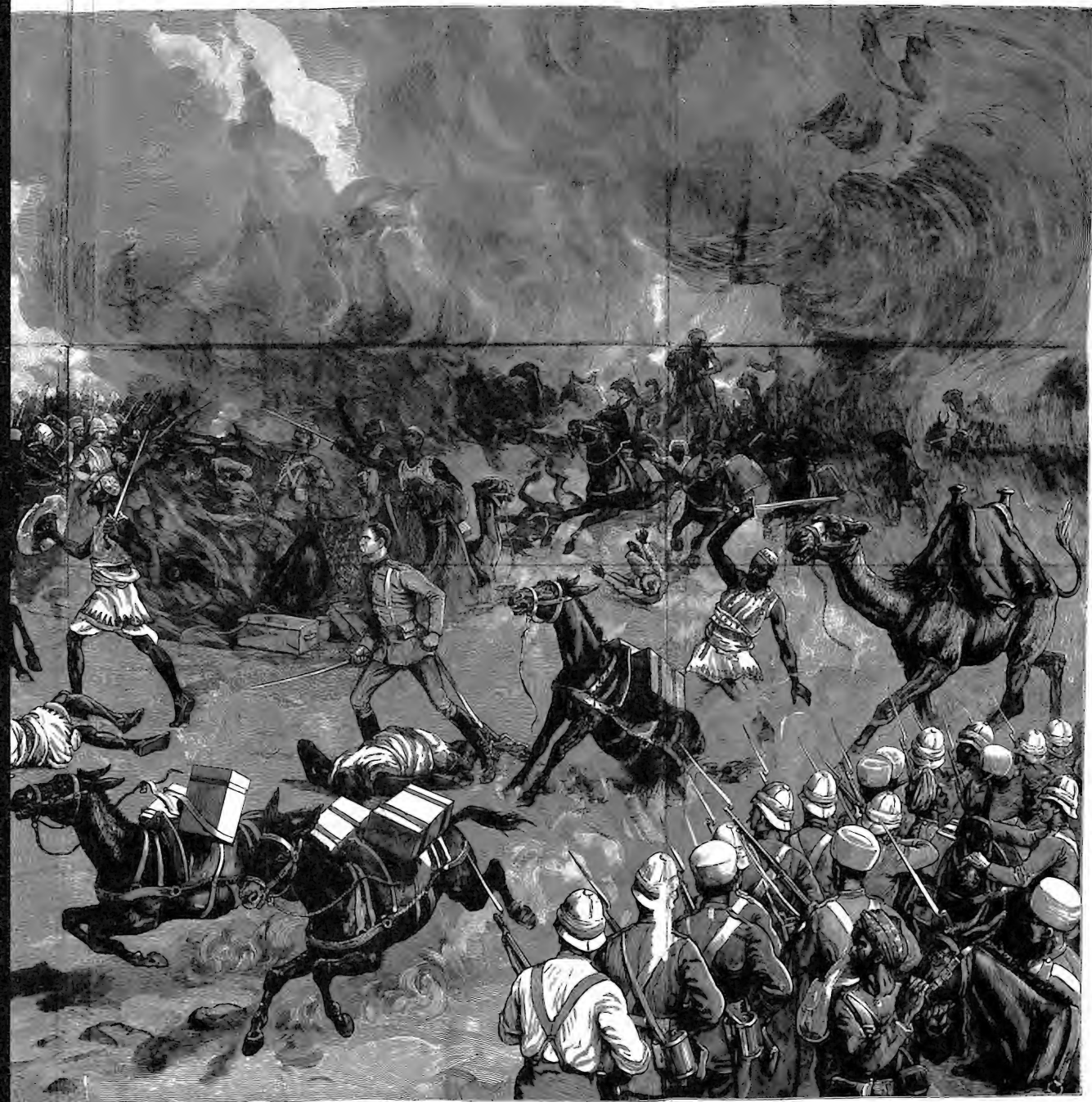




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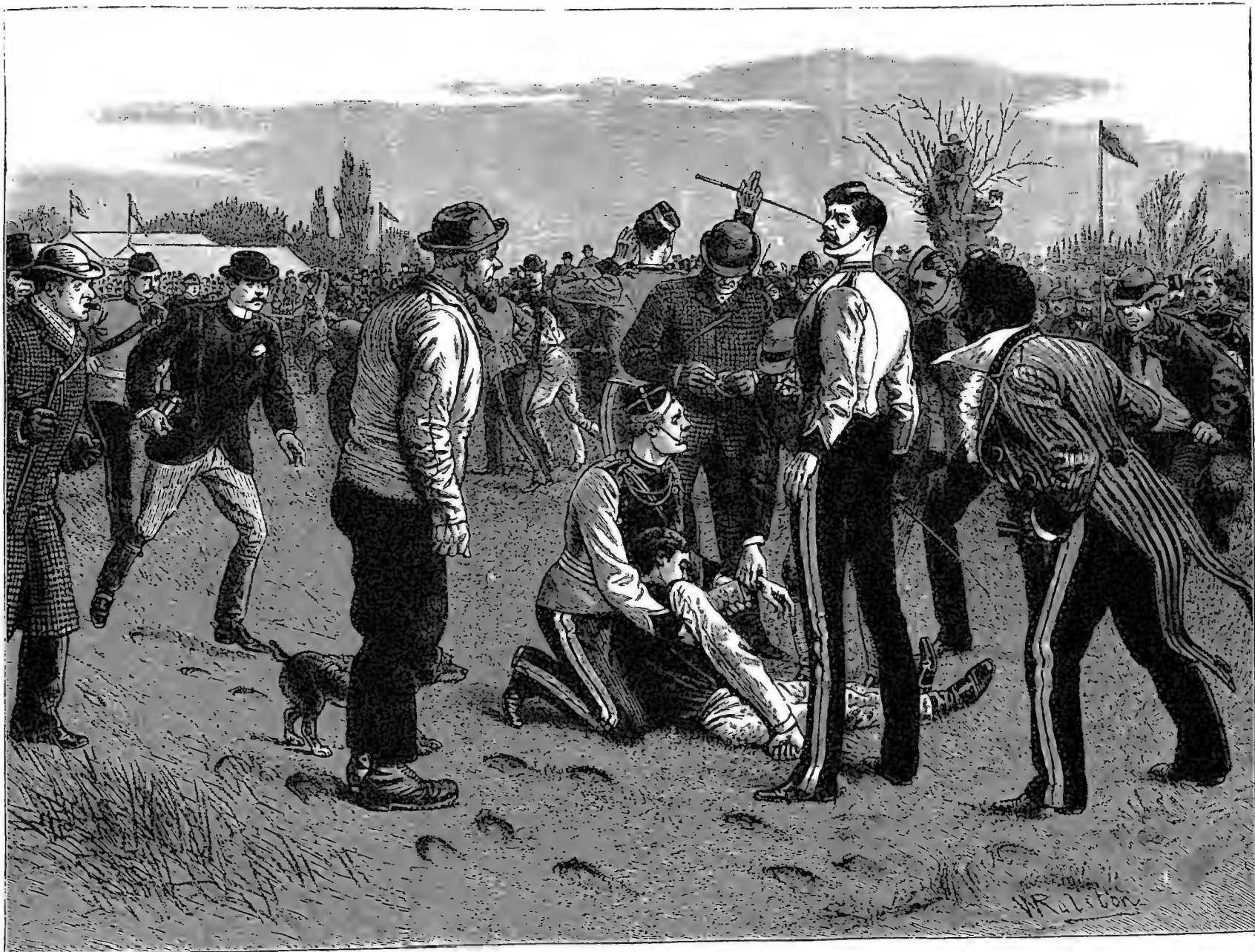


# BOOTLES' BABY: A NOVELETTE

By J. S. WINTER,

AUTHOR OF "CAVALRY LIFE" AND "REGIMENTAL LEGENDS"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. RALSTON



## CHAPTER VII.

IT WAS ALL OVER! This was the end of all his hopes and dreams and wishes! This was the end! None of his bright hopes would ever be;—none of his golden dreams would come to pass! His wishes had no weight with the woman he loved. He had looked forward—like a fool, he thought, bitterly, and had pictured her in a dozen different ways: at the head of his table, in the hunting-field, in the middle age, and in the decline of life, as Mignon's mother, as his wife. But it was all over now—when Madame's visit was ended, she would go from under his roof, never to come back to it any more, for ever.

He was still standing there when the door opened with some difficulty, and Miss Mignon appeared on the threshold.

"Bootles?" she said, inquiringly. Bootles turned round to her. "Well?" he answered.

Miss Mignon heard the misery in his voice, and ran to him. "Bootles got a headache?" she asked.

He dropped into a chair and took her in his arms. "Such a headache, Mignon."

He drew her head down upon her small shoulder with an air of protecting and comforting dignity, equally pretty and absurd in one so young.

"Mignon loves Bootles," she whispered.

"Will Mignon always love Bootles?" he asked.

"Always," was the confident reply. "Mignon will always love Bootles."

And so in and because of his trouble the little child crept closer and closer into his heart. She drove out the greatest bitterness of his disappointment, and the clasp of her soft arms about his neck seemed to take away the sharpest sting of defeat. The touch of her baby lips upon his aching forehead—and it *did* ache—brought him a larger measure of comfort than any living thing had power to do at that moment.

If only he had known that Mignon was *her* child!

But Bootles was not the man to sulk with fate; if Miss Grace would not have him, no more was to be said, and no one but Mrs. Smith saw anything unusual between them. But trust Mrs. Smith. She walked into Miss Grace's room, and taxed her with it—taxed her in so friendly a way that the girl began to cry miserably. Mrs. Smith fumed!

"It is absurd," she cried, "to refuse such a man—such a position—such—such—oh! it's absurd. I have no patience with you. You will never have such a chance again—never."

"Oh, never," she sobbed.

"Why, then, throw it away? Let me go and tell—"

"No. Tell him nothing. I have already told him it is impossible. Oh, Mrs. Smith!" she cried, passionately. "Do you think any woman in her senses would refuse him if she could help it? Not I, I assure you."

"It is inexplicable," said Mrs. Smith, but she protested no further.

So the next day they left Ferrers Court, Bootles driving them to the station. But it was all very different now. Very different too from the last time he had driven them anywhere. There was no laughter, no joking, no promise to come again. He was not outwardly angry, not harsh nor hard in any way, but he was very polite, and politeness from him was heartbreaking.

It was soon over when they reached the station—a few minutes of that kind of conversation which people make when they are waiting for a carriage or a train, such as it was said the passengers of the *London* made while walking up and down quietly waiting for the ship to go down. There was a handshaking all round, the lifting of Bootles' and Lucy's hats, a fuss over Miss Mignon, and that was all. Miss Grace looking out of the carriage window, with tear-dimmed eyes, saw that they were together, the child's hand in his. Miss Mignon's last words were yet ringing in her ears. "Bootles has got such a headache."

"Then Mignon must be very kind to him," Miss Grace whispered.

Ay, Miss Mignon had need to be kind, for Bootles had "gotted" such a heart-ache too!



## CHAP. VIII

A LARGE crowd of roughs, a lesser crowd of middle and working-class spectators, and a still lesser gathering of fashionable folks were assembled on the Blankhampton racecourse, for it was the day of the Scarlet Lancer Steeplechases.

On the Grand Stand were to be seen most of the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood, and a goodly show of that class of people who are always to be found about towns which are also military stations, the class of people who have daughters to marry, and not much money wherewith to marry them.



There were all the Scarlet Lancer ladies in full force, from the Colonel's wife in blue velvet and sables, to the Quartermaster's lady in a hard felt hat, with long diamond and pearl earrings. There were officers in cords and boots, their silken finery hidden by Newmarket coats. And there was the bride, Mrs. Allardyce, in pink and grey, the Major's racing colours—oh, lor! as the fellows said, when they saw her. And there was Miss Mignon, a little three-year-old belle got up in Bootles' colours—scarlet, purple, and gold. On her small person there was a warm frock of purple velvet, braided with scarlet and gold, and on her golden curls a jockey-cap to match it. Utterly absurd, most people said, but Bootles didn't seem to mind it. Nor, for the matter of that, did Miss Mignon herself. Held by Bootles, or, when Bootles was riding, by Lucy, she sat on the broad ledge of the balcony and surveyed the world, like a queen in miniature.

It was a fine place for seeing; yes, and a fine place for hearing too, as Lucy testified afterwards in his own peculiar style of delivery.

"Er—I and Miss Mignon were waiting for Bootles to come down the lawn, when—er—a lady next to us—er—a little unpwrepossessing person—I found out afterwards that her name is Berwry—with a nose like a teapot spout, and a mouth of the bulldog ordah—little daughter, by the bye, pretty much of the same type, but just a shade less hideous—suddenly electrified us by pulling out a huge pair of gold eyeglasses, and holding the wrace-card at arm's length.

"Ow!" said she, in a mincing voice, when Miles came down the lane looking like a sack of flour in a purple satin jacket, "Ow! CAP-tain Fer-wrahs. Ow! Dorothy, my deah, CAP-tain Fer-wrahs! Vewry handsome—and how beau-tifully he wrides. Ow! I'm shaw he'll win, and what a lovely horse. CAP-tain Fer-wrahs! He's vewry handsome."

"Well—er—I gave Miss Mignon a gwreat squeeze to hold her tongue—and she did! This Mrs.—er—Berwry went on expatiating on Miles's great beauty of person, and on the absolute certainty of his winning. 'And his pet name is Bootles,' she informed us. His *pet* name! Well, pwesently, Bootles came sailing down the lawn in all his glowry, and Miss Mignon quite forgot the old girl, and shouted out to him. 'Bootles,' she called, 'Bootles.'

"Bootles glanced up, and waved his hand, and—er—the old party called Berwry turned wround and eyed her sharply, saw the scarlet, purple, and gold of her dwress, looked at her card, and said witheringly, 'Ow! I don't know *him*,' as if there were a dozen Captain Ferwrahs knocking about, and this was one of the eleven she didn't know.

"Well, when the wrace was over—er—who should come up but Miles.

"Ah, Miles," said I, "I—er—heard a lady expatiating just now on your extwreme beauty and gwreat and elegance of person—was shaw you'd win! What a pity you didn't."

"Bless my soul," said Miles. "Was she pwetty?"

"Oh, don't be flattered—she took you for Bootles," said I, ignoring the question.

"Bootles' money again!" cwried Miles, with a gwreat wroar of laughter.

"Well, in two twos up comes Bootles. 'See me win, Mignon?' said he.

"So I—er—told him the stowry too, and Bootles laughed that absurd 'Ha ha' of his. 'Come along and have some lunch, Mignon, my sweetheart,' said he, 'and let's be out of this!'"

But it was after this incident that the most important event of that bright May occurred—one of those desperate struggles to win, when half-a-dozen horses show well for the post, and all the field finds tongue and shouts its hardest.

"Ferrers wins! Blue and fawn! Yellow and black! Miles wins—Miles wins! No, no, Ferrers in front—fawn and blue! Hartog—Hartog—Hartog wins! Miles front! Ah, he's down! Ferrers—Miles—blue and fawn—Gilchrist gains—Miles—Gilchrist—Ferrers wins—Ferrers wins! All up with the others! Ferrers WINS!"

And then the company, good, bad, and indifferent, had time to remember that a man was down. No, not one man, but two. They had time to find out that Hartog was bruised and stunned, but able with help to get to the dressing-room and recover himself, to learn that the swarming crowd round the other was watching a more exciting race than that which they had just witnessed with shouts and applause—that they were watching with awe and in silence a race between life and death; for Gilchrist, the "odd" man of the regiment, the man who had been nobody's friend, nobody's chum, was lying in the midst of them, with his back broken, waiting for a hurdle.

They were all as sorry as men could be who had never been moved by feelings of friendship. The proceedings were stopped at once, and they went gravely back to barracks, those who had ridden to get into morning clothes, and all of them to hang about waiting for news.

But there was no hope—absolutely no hope whatever. With all his faults, failings, and peculiarities, Gavor Gilchrist was passing away from their midst, by exchange, as Hartog had once wished, though the exchange, not of one regiment for another, but of this world for next.

It was about six o'clock that the senior of the two surgeons in attendance on Gilchrist entered the anteroom, and, looking round, beckoned for Bootles.

"What news?" asked several voices.

"He won't last the night. Bootles, he wants you."

"I'll come," said Bootles, rising.

"Sure to want Bootles," observed Preston.

"Oh, yes, I should myself," returned another.

"Won't last the night," remarked a third. "Well, I never did like Gilchrist, never, but all the same, I'm deuced sorry for him now, poor chap. For oh, by Jove! it's a fearful thing when you come to that."

And then they fell into silence again, waiting for Bootles to come back. Half-an-hour passed—three-quarters—then Bootles did come. An hour—then Bootles appeared—came with a white face, and a scared look in his blue eyes, followed by the doctor who had fetched him. Every man in the room was roused from a lounging attitude to one of expectation and surprise.

"Bootles," said Lucy, moving towards him.

But Bootles did not even look at him. He turned to the doctor, and uttered words the like of which none of his hearers had ever heard from him before.

"I kept my temper, doctor—you think I did? I know the man's dying. Yes, I know, and I shouldn't like to think I lost my temper with a poor chap who was dying, but—but—no, I won't say a word. I'll go away and keep to myself, until I've got over it a little. If I stop here I shall say something I shall be sorry for all the rest of my life."

"What is it, Bootles?" broke in Lucy, in his soft voice.

But Bootles did not reply for a moment. He stood still, trying hard to control himself, but Lucy, who had laid his hand upon his sleeve, felt that he was shaking from head to foot, and his very lips were trembling.

"Tell us," said Lucy persuasively. "What is it?"

"He is Mignon's father," Bootles answered. And then he broke from Lucy's grasp and fled.

"Impossible!" Lucy cried.

"Not at all—it is true," the Doctor answered. "He is making his will now, leaving Bootles sole guardian and trustee to the child."

"The brute," burst out Preston indignantly, remembering Gilchrist's words—not so long ago.

"Hush, hush! The man is dying, and death alters everything," the Doctor cried.

"And Bootles kept his temper? Said nothing?"

"Not one word—of reproach."

"Has he seen her?"

"No. He would not, though Bootles asked him."

"His own child—and she Miss Mignon!"

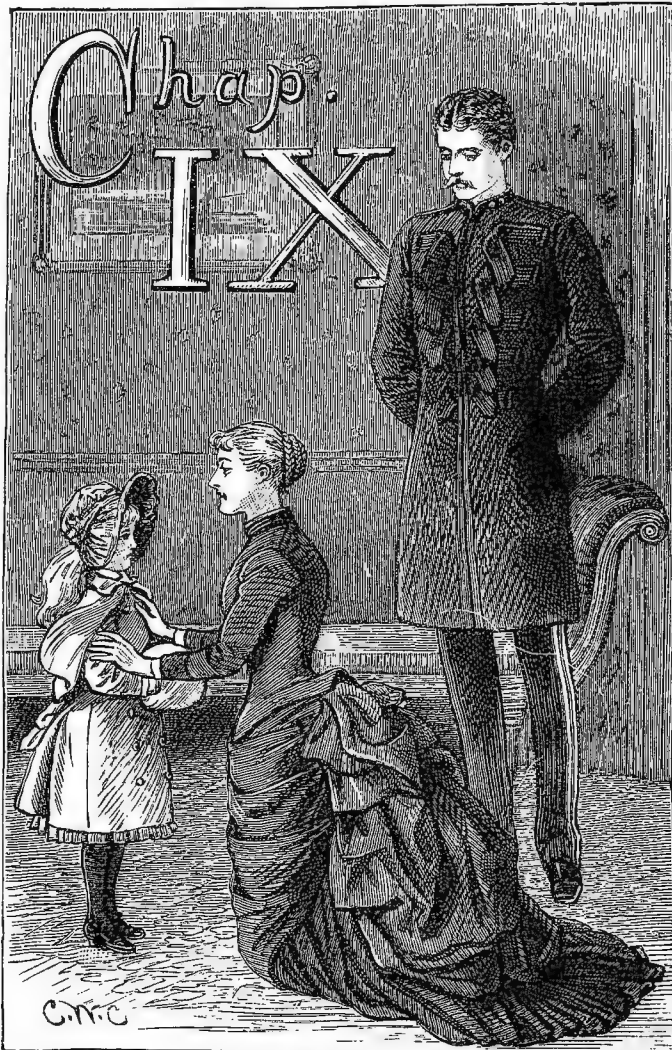
"All the better. She cannot endure him."

"By Jove! But what a blow for Bootles!"

"How will he take it? Will it make any difference?"

"As wregards Miss Mignon? What wrot you talk. As if Bootles—," but there Lucy broke off in disgust, and the Babel of surmises, questions, and answers went on.

And that night Gavor Gilchrist died!



OH! but it was a blow for Bootles! To find he had been duped, tricked, made a fool of all this time; to remember the anxiety, the trouble, the expense to which he had been put, nay, to recall the chaff he had endured, and then to discover that Miss Mignon was Gilchrist's child, the child of the man he went perhaps nearer to hating than any one he had ever known in all his life! Everything came back to him then—the dead man's jibes and sneers and taunts, his unwearied efforts to tax him with an offence which he knew he had not committed. And, though he had failed in that, oh! what a fool Gilchrist had made of him! That was the sting Bootles felt most of all.

For hours after he left the anteroom Bootles kept out of everyone's way, indeed until Lucy came to tell him that Gilchrist was dead. Then, it being close upon the hour of eleven, he went and knocked at the door of Mignon's nursery. The nurse opened it a few inches, and seeing who it was, set it open wide.

"Is Miss Mignon asleep?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; hours ago," the woman answered.

He passed into the inner room where the child was lying. A candle burnt on a table beside the cot, casting its light on the fair baby face, now flushed in sleep, and on the tangled golden curls. Both her arms lay outside the eider coverlet, one hand grasping the whip with which he had ridden, and *won*, that day, the other held the card of the races. Bootles bent and scanned her face closely, but not one trace could he discern of likeness to the father, not one, and he drew a deep breath of relief that it was so.

Well he remembered Lucy's puzzled scrutiny of the year-old baby. "There's a likeness, but I don't know where to plant it." If there had then been a likeness to Gilchrist it had now passed away, and as Bootles satisfied himself that it was so, his love for her, which during the last few hours had hung trembling in the balance, though he would hardly have acknowledged it, even to himself, re-asserted itself, and rose up in his heart stronger than ever. Just then she moved uneasily in her sleep.

"Lal, where is Bootles?" she asked. Then, after a pause, "Gotted another headache?" and an instant later, "Miss Grace said Mignon was to be very kind to Bootles."

Bootles bent down and kissed her, and she awoke.

"Bootles!" she said, in sleepy surprise; then imperatively, "Take me up."

So Bootles carried her to the fire in the adjoining room, where the nurse was sewing a fresh frill of lace in the pretty velvet frock with its braidings of scarlet and gold, which she had worn that day.

"Lal said Mignon wasn't to go to Bootles," she said reproachfully.

"Bootles has been bothered, Mignon," he answered.

"Poor Bootles," stroking his cheek with her soft hand. "Bootles was vexed, Lal said so. But not with Mignon. Mignon told Lal so," confidently.

"Never with Mignon," answered Bootles, resting his cheek against the tossed golden curls, and feeling as if he had done this faithful baby heart a moral injustice by his hours of anger and doubt.

There was a moment of silence, broken by the nurse. "Have you heard, sir, how Mr. Gilchrist is?" she asked.

Bootles roused himself. "He is dead, nurse. Died half an hour ago."

"Then, if you please, sir," she asked hesitatingly, "might I ask if it is true—about Miss Mignon?"

"Yes, it is true," his face darkening.

"Because, sir, Miss Mignon should have mourning," she began; when Bootles cut her short.

"I shall not allow her to wear mourning for Mr. Gilchrist," he said curtly, so the nurse dared say no more.

Three days later the funeral took place, and if the facts of the dead man's having acknowledged Miss Mignon as his child, and having admitted to Bootles that he had transferred her that night from his own quarters to Bootles's rooms, created a sensation, it was as nothing to the intense surprise caused by the will, which was read, by the dead man's desire, before all the officers of the regiment.

In it he left his entire property to his daughter, Mary Gilchrist, now in the care of Captain Ferrers, and commonly known as Mignon, on condition that Captain Ferrers consented to be her sole guardian and trustee until she had attained the age of twenty-one, or until her marriage, provided it should be with her guardian's sanction, and on the express understanding that Captain Ferrers should not give up the care of the child to her mother, even temporarily. To his wife, Helen Gilchrist, a copy of this testament was to be sent forthwith. Should any of the conditions be violated, the whole property of which he died possessed should go to his cousin, Lucian Gavor Gilchrist; but if the conditions be faithfully observed Captain Ferrers should have the power of applying any, or all, of the income arising from the estate for the use and maintenance of the said Mary Gilchrist.

"Cwrazy," murmured Lucy to Bootles, who listened in contemptuous silence, and wondered in no small dismay what kind of a life he should have if Mignon's mother chose to make herself objectionable.

But the will was not crazy at all, far from it. It was only a very cleverly thought-out plan for keeping mother and child apart. Bootles would take care not to endanger Mignon's inheritance, and Gilchrist had taken advantage of it to carry out his animosity towards his wife to the bitter end.

But, of course, there was one contingency he had never thought of or provided for—*marriage*.

It was less than a week after Gilchrist's death that Bootles received a note by hand, signed Helen Gilchrist.

"Already!" he groaned impatiently.

"May I trouble you to send the child to see me for half-an-hour during this afternoon?" she said—and that was all.

But Bootles had no intention of *sending* the child. He thought it would be quietly stolen away. He quite forgot that since Gilchrist had not left his widow a farthing, she would probably be no better able now to provide for the child than she had been when compelled to cast her baby upon the father's mercy. Therefore, immediately after lunch, he drove down to the hotel from which the note had been written. Yes; Mrs. Gilchrist was within—this way. And then—then—Bootles, with the child fast hold of his hand, was shown into a room—and there they found—*Miss Grace!*

The truth flashed into his mind instantly! She rose hurriedly, and he saw that she was clad in black, but was not in widow's dress. She fell upon her knees, and almost smothered Mignon with kisses.

"Mignon—Mignon," she cried.

"Mignon has been very kind to Bootles," Mignon explained—not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"My Mignon—my baby!" the mother sobbed. Bootles watched them—the two things he loved best on earth.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" he asked at last.

"What shall I say?" she had risen from her knees, and now moved shyly away.

"You might say," said Bootles severely, "that you are very sorry that you—a married woman—deceived me and stole my heart away. You might say that for one thing."

"But I am not sorry," cried Mignon's mother audaciously.

"Then you might take a leaf out of Mignon's book, and say, as she says when I have a headache, Mignon *loves* Bootles."

"I wreally do think," remarked Lucy to the fellows, when the astounding news had been told and freely discussed, "that now we must let that poor, malicious, cwrooked-minded chap wrest in his gwraive in peace. Seems to me," he continued with his most reflective air; "that—er—Solomon was wright, and said a vewry wise thing when he said, 'Love laughs at locksmiths.'"

"Solomon!" cried a voice, amid a shout of laughter.

"Oh, wasn't it Solomon?" questioned Lucy mildly. "It's of no consequence; some one said it. But only think of that poor devil spending his last moments wraising a barwrier to keep mother and child apart; and old Bootles fulfils all the conditions to the letter, and bwreaks them all in the spirit by—*marriage*."

THE END



It is perhaps rash to assume that a novel, although published after its author's death, will be the very last from his pen. There is always hope that the last may be followed by yet a further last, or, if not exactly the hope, at any rate the expectation. Meanwhile, "A Perilous Secret" (2 vols.: R. Bentley and Son) does not add in any way to Charles Reade's more than sufficient title to fame. It is principally interesting because it is his, and marked by all his most striking characteristics of manner and style. It belongs essentially to his latest period, in which everything seemed to be sacrificed to the clear and concise narration of incidents, all the ornaments and graces of fiction appearing to be puritanically and even pedantically eschewed. Charles Reade affects the air of talking for his model the best sort of *prosaic* writing, of which the whole art consists in consummate clearness, and in the omission of every particle of unnecessary matter. But this is only in appearance, after all. He is no more able in "A Perilous Secret" than in the greatest of his works to state the simplest fact without doing so vigorously and picturesquely; he cannot deprive his characters of their flesh and blood, their manhood and womanhood, however much he seems to try. He cannot make the most ordinary incident seem common. In his endeavours after lucidity, as if he were a barrister seeking to lay a complicated case before a jury, he certainly lays on the black and white of villany and virtue with more than natural thickness; but it is wholesome to be carried now and then out of the atmosphere of psychological compromises, and to have black and white, however highly coloured, divided by a decided line. The portrait of Leonard Monckton is that of a devil rather than of any possible sane man, while Hope and his daughter do not require wings to be angels. As Mr. Reade himself says, "It has lately been objected to the writers of fiction that they neglect what Shakespeare calls 'the Middle of Humanity,' and deal in eccentric characters above or below the people one really meets." He himself, in what are



perhaps the last words from his pen, makes it the province of fiction to deal with extremes, and he has carried out this view to its extreme, both in the characters and in the violently dramatic incident of his latest novel.

"Mr. Butler's Ward," by F. Mabel Robinson (1 vol. : Vizetelly and Co.), is of exceptional merit and interest as a first novel. Signs of inexperience are extraordinarily few, and the freshness natural to a first work is not gained at the expense of more artistic qualities. Quiet and domestic as the story is, and as free from incident as a novel can well be, the most practised reader will fail to foresee its further course at any point, and will find in the pathetic close, with just a gleam of hope in it, the most unexpected yet the most natural half-ending possible. F. Mabel Robinson has achieved a genuine resemblance to real life in her singularly-constructed series of scenes and changes as natural as they are unlooked-for. Her motive is somewhat cloudy, which is unfortunate, as the nature of her story demands a distinct one. But there is nothing indistinct about the persons, from the central character, named with quite needless affectation Deirdre, after the heroine of an inappropriate Irish legend, to the fashionable painter and man of the world, Arthur Bellingham; the impulsive Irish author and journalist, Hanlon; or the tragic Deirdre's especial foil, Rose Butler. All these and many other characters are new to fiction: and the author is to be congratulated on having made so full and original a haul out of the supposed-to-be-exhausted waters of modern society. She does not lay herself out to be humorous, yet she is often most admirably and spontaneously so, as in her account of Mick Hanlon's brother Dan, and in her dissertation on love-making *à propos* of Rose Butler and Alex Campbell. Then her characters are not only new to fiction but true to life, and, although always types, as they ought to be, have many of the elements of actual portraiture. The style is excellent throughout, and although evidently coloured by exceptional culture, is entirely without pretension or display. The principal fault of the novel is its too great length, and its indulgence in needless repetition. These are grave faults in a novel devoid of incident: but they stand almost alone. An author who can, at the outset, write such admirable sense, and transform the results of much minute observation into so pathetic and tender a whole, takes at once a high position. What she chiefly needs to learn is that novel-readers are a somewhat hurrlysone race, and prefer a gallop to a stroll.

"Some Stained Pages: a Story of Life," by the author of "The New Mistress" (3 vols. : Ward and Downey), is a gracefully and pleasantly-told story, partially inspired, we should imagine, by an intimate study of Dickens in his sad and sentimental, as well as in his less easily imitable moods. Several of the subordinate characters are sketched with real humour, such as the man in possession, the snuff-taking printer's reader, and the policeman who is always at hand when wanted. The construction is as rough as the title is meaningless: but the novel as a whole has the merit of being interesting, and is altogether above the average.

"Lester's Secret," by Mary Cecil Hay (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), is also interesting, though the secret itself—which must not be disclosed—is the reverse of ingenious. The possible secret, which the experienced novel-reader is certain to take for granted, would have been, though more common-place, decidedly preferable. The story is based upon the lines of Mr. Wilkie Collins, and the resemblance will easily be seen even in matters of detail. By the time it is finished the reader will have come to the conclusion that there has been much ado about nothing: but the much ado is unquestionably well maintained. The story is likely to be popular among all who like sentimental mystery just flavoured with crime.

"A Dead Past," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron (3 vols. : F. V. White and Co.), is in no respect above the average. Only the most mawkishly-disposed of novel-readers will be able to get up an emotion over the life and death of the young lady called "Kitten," and the way in which everybody wants to marry everybody else at the wrong time and never at the right will be found piquant only by the very easily irritable. There is no doubt a demand for the results of sentimental book-making: and "A Dead Past" is just a portion of the supply.

## A HOAX AT SEA, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

THE credulity of people on board ship is a very remarkable fact. When a vessel first puts to sea some *gobemouche* has only to say that the Wandering Jew is on board to set all the passengers agog and asking "Which is he?" "Where is he?" "Is that him?" And thus it befell a certain young merchant going out to Calcutta to join a prosperous firm there, some years ago; so many, that the date, for matrimonial reasons, may be well left uncertain. Some one said, as the *fullandur* left Southampton Water, that this gentleman was a showman, and the information flew like wildfire through the ship. In half-an-hour Mr. P. T. Barnum was credited with his paternity, and an hour later, at dinner, Lady Poplum had shifted her seat from the compromising neighbourhood of a creature that "dragged lions and tigers about in cages." By nine o'clock, P.M., when the shores of Old England were fading in the distance, Colonel Howdah, of the Commissariat, had declared to his intimates that "By cock! we must draw the line somewhere," and by midnight that unhappy Calcutta merchant was "cut" by all on board save one—myself. I knew the man slightly, and he came to complain next morning of this unjust treatment. "I am avoided," he said, "as if I had the cholera, but what have I done?" I could not refrain from laughter. "You are supposed to be a showman," I said, "and a son of P. T. Barnum." The astonishment and wrath of this junior partner in the firm of Jute, Gingelly, and Co. was most amusing, but at last my own mirth infected him, and he too laughed heartily.

"I have a theatrical appearance certainly," he said, "with my blue-shaven cheeks and chin, but a menagerie is really too bad."

"Why not carry on the joke, and have your revenge in a sell?"

"Ah! but how?"

"Nothing easier. A panorama, now! Let them think you have a panorama on board, and such is human nature, they will all ardently desire to see it—for nothing."

"True, but I have no panorama, you see."

"What matter? You have plenty of boxes, I saw them myself; label them all 'Panorama, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3,' and so on, and take care that the passengers shall see them."

"But *après*?"

"Why, we will paint a panorama on a piece of sail cloth, if the sailmaker will trust us with one."

"But I cannot draw a bit, not even a pig, the easiest of all animals from an artistic standpoint."

"Neither can I, but that does not signify."

"What will the panorama represent?—that does signify, at all events."

"Well, the serious-minded are probably well represented on board as well as the gay and festive. To fetch them both I should call it 'The Panorama of the Holy Land.'"

"Capital! And you would give a lecture describing the localities?"

"No, thank you, you are the showman, you know."

He mused a while. We were smoking to the lee of the funnel, and it was noticeable that two or three passengers eyed us with an expression of mixed curiosity and disdain. "I declare I will," he said; "I should just like to pay those fellows off in their own coin." After some more conversation we turned in.

"You ought to be more careful," said my old friend, Lady Poplum, of Bombay, the next morning after breakfast as I arranged her chair and wraps, "whom you speak to. Do you know that the

man I saw you speaking to yesterday is some dreadful trafficker in wild beasts?"

"Not at all," I replied, with an effort to keep my countenance as well as I could, "he has, on the contrary, a magnificent panorama of the Holy Land."

"Still, he is a common showman."

Lady Poplum herself was a barmaid, by all accounts, before the Judge raised her to the Indian Bench.

"A showman, true, but then *what* a showman!"

Her curiosity was excited.

"Is it a very famous panorama? I never heard of it."

"Famous! It's fame is universal!"

"We must make him show it. It will be an amusement."

"Just so, he seems a most obliging man."

"Only I cannot possibly speak to him," said Lady Poplum, turning away.

The weather was beautiful, and some large boxes were put up on deck in the sun to dry. They were all labelled "Panorama of the Holy Land," and much curiosity was excited by their appearance. Colonel Howdah, in a patronising way, addressed the showman.

"These are yours, my good man?"

"Yes, sir" (respectfully).

"Ah. Now what do you charge for a show of that kind, as the rule, eh?"

"I can give you a first-class entertainment, sir, at a shilling a head. All the crowned heads in Europe have expressed their unqualified approval of the exhibition. May I ask your patronage, and that of your good lady?" pointing to Lady Poplum.

"That's not my good lady," said the Colonel hastily, "but you may count on my patronage—that is, if you deserve it."

The showman bowed again.

"I am thinking of giving an exhibition before we get to Gibraltar," he said, "if your honour will assist me."

"You shall have my support," replied the Colonel graciously, as he passed on.

The Bay of Biscay behaved better than it usually does in the month of September, and the Panorama of the Holy Land made rapid progress in young Gingelly's cabin. No one took a keener interest in the projected exhibition than Miss Lizzie Poplum, the only daughter of the Begum aforesaid. This young thing was always asking me if that "oh, so interesting actor, with the large melancholy eyes, and the blue close-shaven chin," was getting on well with the preparations, nor could I help noticing that an interchange of sheep's eyes was frequent between young Gingelly and Miss Poplum as they paced the spacious decks—but apart. What other means of communication these young people had I know not, but Lady Poplum didn't seem to see it; she was obviously engrossed with the intention of fastening Miss Lizzie to the Colonel as an eligible widower with a good appointment in the Commissariat. At last, and when we were off Lisbon, the preparations for the show were quite completed, and the long saloon of the steamer was turned into a very indifferent imitation of the Egyptian Hall, when Albert Smith used to ascend Mont Blanc nightly. Expectation ran high, for it was rumoured in the ship that this was no ordinary showman, and no ordinary panorama, that was to be exhibited this night for the benefit of the Sailors' Home at Portsmouth. Shillings were forthcoming in abundance from passengers and crew, and the ladies had donned all their finery, the gentlemen evening dress, to do all proper honour to the occasion. The only hitch in the entertainment was—the showman himself. Lady Poplum, Colonel Howdah, and the contingent from India were somewhat sore at having to dine with "a common showman" first class, and expressed their regrets that he did not know his place better by travelling "forard" of the funnel. However, every one was in high good humour as the curtain at the end of the saloon drew up to the air of "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"—*alias* Kafoozalum—played by an Australian on the piano, and disclosed—what? What indeed! On a strip of coarse canvas, supported by oars, there was seen one of the most extraordinary collection of microglyphics ever depicted before or since, and all in ship's paint. The canvas was crowded with these things, which were as incomprehensible to the uninitiated as a landscape of Turner's at his worst. I trembled for my young friend, for there was an ominous silence, but he came to the front in evening dress with a long white wand in his hand, and, cool as a cucumber, proceeded to point out the occult connection of daubs, intended to represent palm trees, camels, Bedouins, "Jerusalem, and Madagascar, and North and South Amerikee." The audience immediately perceived that they were "sold," but when the lecturer, with an unmoved countenance, went on to indicate the exact position on the pea-green ocean where the Bristol sailors cast lots for "little Billee," there was a roar of laughter, and after that Gingelly, who had really dramatic talent, carried everything before him.

But the best of the fun was next day. Boardship rumour, which had made Gingelly a showman, as easily made him the heir to untold wealth. It was soon bruited about that he was the only son and heir of the Calcutta millionaire, and Lady Poplum turned on Colonel Howdah like a tigress when she heard it.

"How could you be so intensely stupid as to lead me into so fearful a mistake?"

"I did not know—I really did not know. Every one said he was a son of Barnum's," the poor Colonel tried to explain.

"Did not know!" exclaimed Lady Poplum, tossing her head.

"As if any one not blind could mistake the air of native nobility there is in that young man's countenance, the *je ne sais quoi*, as the French say."

"To me he looked like a playactor," responded the warrior gloomily.

"Playactor! You must be perfectly blind. I never saw any man look so much the perfect gentleman, and so distinguished. Lizzie, don't you think so?"

"He is very well," said Miss Lizzie, demurely.

The Colonel looked despairingly at her. He had been making strong running in the Bay, but the damsel never raised her eyes from the toe of her neat boot, which she studied critically.

"How will that dear, amiable, talented Mr. Gingelly ever forgive us for so terrible a *faux pas*," her mamma went on complainingly. "And it was all your fault, too. Oh, dear, I could beat you," showing her teeth at the Colonel again.

"How, indeed!" murmured the daughter, with just a shadow of a smile.

"Indigo concerns, cotton mills, tea plantations, a Calcutta house, a Madras house, a Bombay house," groaned Lady Poplum, summing up his attractions one by one.

"And such eyes," said Miss Poplum, with a glance at the Colonel's.

The Colonel was nettled. "Here to-day and gone to-morrow. Not like a Government income—and a pension," he added proudly.

Lady Poplum made a grimace. She did not think much of pensions when there were millionaires around.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed; "if I could only explain *all* to him—that I knew he wished to preserve his *incognito*, and no wonder, with so many artful girls on board."

The Colonel broke into a horse laugh.

"By cock! He has every reason to respect your delicate attention," he said.

But here Miss Poplum, growing weary perhaps of these amenities, just threw one glance of her grand grey eyes in the direction of young Gingelly, and lo! the *quasi* showman extinguished his pipe, and walked up to the trio directly.

"Mamma says she never can forgive herself for falling into the error of thinking you a showman," said Miss Poplum, with a smile.

"Oh, never, never," quoth the elder lady, wringing her hands. "Or for not knowing you were a millionaire," sneered the Colonel.

"Millionaire! I am no more a millionaire than a showman. I am only a junior—a very junior—partner in the Calcutta house on Rs.800 a month."

Lady Poplum's expressive face was a study.

"Rich men sometimes pretend poverty," she remarked feebly.

"It is true as gospel.—Let me offer my arm," to Miss Poplum, who was going down below.

"Colonel Howdah, — Mr. Gingelly, — Colonel." The poor Begum was in such manifest distress as to who should, or should not, escort her daughter, that I turned aside to conceal a smile.

Perhaps the most amusing part of it all is that they *both* eventually married Miss Lizzie. She wedded the Colonel in Calcutta, but, when he died of tasting beer for the troops two years afterwards, she graciously bestowed herself upon Gingelly, who is now well up in his father's firm.

The panorama, he says, got him a wife as well as a nickname, for he goes by the name of "Panorama Joe" to this very day.

F. E. W.



SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN'S "Stray Shots" (Longmans, Green, and Co.) are fired considerably at random, and without any very steady aim. He scatters his shots in all directions, not caring much whom he wounds so long as the shot makes a good noise and causes plenty of smoke. He is like a skirmisher between two hostile forces firing at each in turn, and usually missing, yet creating a prodigious din, and being very much pleased to attract attention. Sir Edward Sullivan wishes it to be understood that he is an example of the "cross-bench mind," and he publishes this volume of brief essays apparently with the intention of showing how fine and independent a thing the "cross-bench mind" may be. The preface is devoted to the recitation of the cross-bench creed, which is a curious mixture of the dogmatic, the contradictory, and the commonplace. It is all neatly snipped up into paragraphs, beginning "I believe," "I despise," "I prefer," or "I don't believe," and the key to the whole, so far as one key may explain such a confused cipher, appears to be a wild and inflammatory hatred of Mr. Gladstone and all his ways and works. To read such a book right through, even though variety is given to it by the division of the subjects into "Political," "Military," "Economic," and "Social," can be exhilarating to no man—not even to the most violent anti-Gladstonian. But if taken in doses of three or four essays at a time, it will have an excellent effect in keeping up the inflammatory condition of brain which characterises some of our prominent "anti-Radicals."

"Lord Tennyson: A Biographical Sketch," by Henry J. Jennings (Chatto and Windus), is an honest compilation. It is written by one who has avowedly no more knowledge of Lord Tennyson than can be gained by a diligent reading of his verses, and a careful ransacking of the newspapers and magazines. A biography it is not, except in the purely technical sense of the word. To a true biography of Lord Tennyson it bears the same relation as the "Lives" of Carlyle, hastily thrown together after his death, bear to Mr. Froude's volumes. Yet in the absence of any more authoritative work—and nothing of the kind is to be expected during the Laureate's lifetime—Mr. Jennings' volume will serve. He appears to have spared no pains in his researches, and the volume is undoubtedly interesting. His style is neither fresh nor brilliant, and his criticisms of the Laureate's poetry are more enthusiastic than discriminating. Mr. Jennings' loyalty to his "subject" is indeed carried to the utmost lengths. He even defends "The Promise of May" from the attacks of the theatrical critics, whom, with a curious ignorance of London journalism, he insists upon calling "theatrical reporters." It was not to be expected, says Mr. Jennings, that these ordinary theatrical reporters "should be able to detect the inner meaning of the Laureate in the character of Edgar;" a meaning which is of course patent to the laborious biographer.

Following up his previous volume of extracts from the writings of Henry D. Thoreau, Mr. H. G. O. Blake now gives us another entitled "Summer" (T. Fisher Unwin). The volume consists of extracts from Thoreau's journal extending over several years, and all relating, as the name implies, to summer. Such a work is necessarily fragmentary. It gains coherence from the interest one takes in studying the curious mind of the author of these journals. Thoreau is now a fairly familiar personage, and it cannot truly be said that the present extracts from his journals throw any new light upon his character. He was a fascinating egoist with a touch of genius; and had a rare gift for natural history without being a scientific observer. Later writers, such as Mr. John Burroughs and Mr. Richard Jefferies, have familiarised us with the style of much of Thoreau's writing. Perhaps for this reason the present volume seems to lack some of the original flavour which distinguished Thoreau when he was fresher to us; perhaps he is at a disadvantage in being presented piecemeal.

The Cobden Society has republished the late Richard Cobden's "Three Panics" (Cassell and Company) with the desire "to sound a note of warning against any hasty or ill-considered increase of our naval estimates arising from a feeling of panic." The three panics of which Cobden speaks were those of 1847-48, 1851-53, and 1859-61; and he attempts to show by elaborate comparison of French and English naval estimates and statistics, that the scares about French invasion were, in all these cases, manufactured scares with no facts behind them. The conclusion the Cobden Club attempts to enforce is that the present excitement about the Navy is as baseless as that in the different periods with which Cobden dealt. It needs not the authority of the Cobden Club to prove the evils of panic legislation; but there is not now, neither has there been lately, any panic about the Navy. Only the *Pall Mall Gazette* has published a careful statement about the Navy (summarising what other journals have been saying for a long time), the facts in which have not been officially disputed. The Government has practically admitted the truth of the *Pall Mall Gazette* statement by voting five millions for more ships. There is no panic; only a quiet resolution that the English Navy must be considerably stronger than that of France, and as strong as any likely combination of foreign fleets. We have fallen behind with our ship-building and we are now making up for lost time: that is all. And, as we have been reminded more than once lately, Cobden himself declared: "I would, if necessary, spend 120 millions to maintain an irresistible superiority over France at sea."

"True Women," translated from the Swedish by H. L. Brækstad (Samuel French), is a recent work of Mrs. Anne Charlotte Edgren, a lady of considerable celebrity in Norway and Sweden as an advanced thinker and clever writer. Her admirers, indeed, speak of her as "the George Eliot of Scandinavia." "True Women" is a remarkable play. It shows a young girl with high ideals of purity

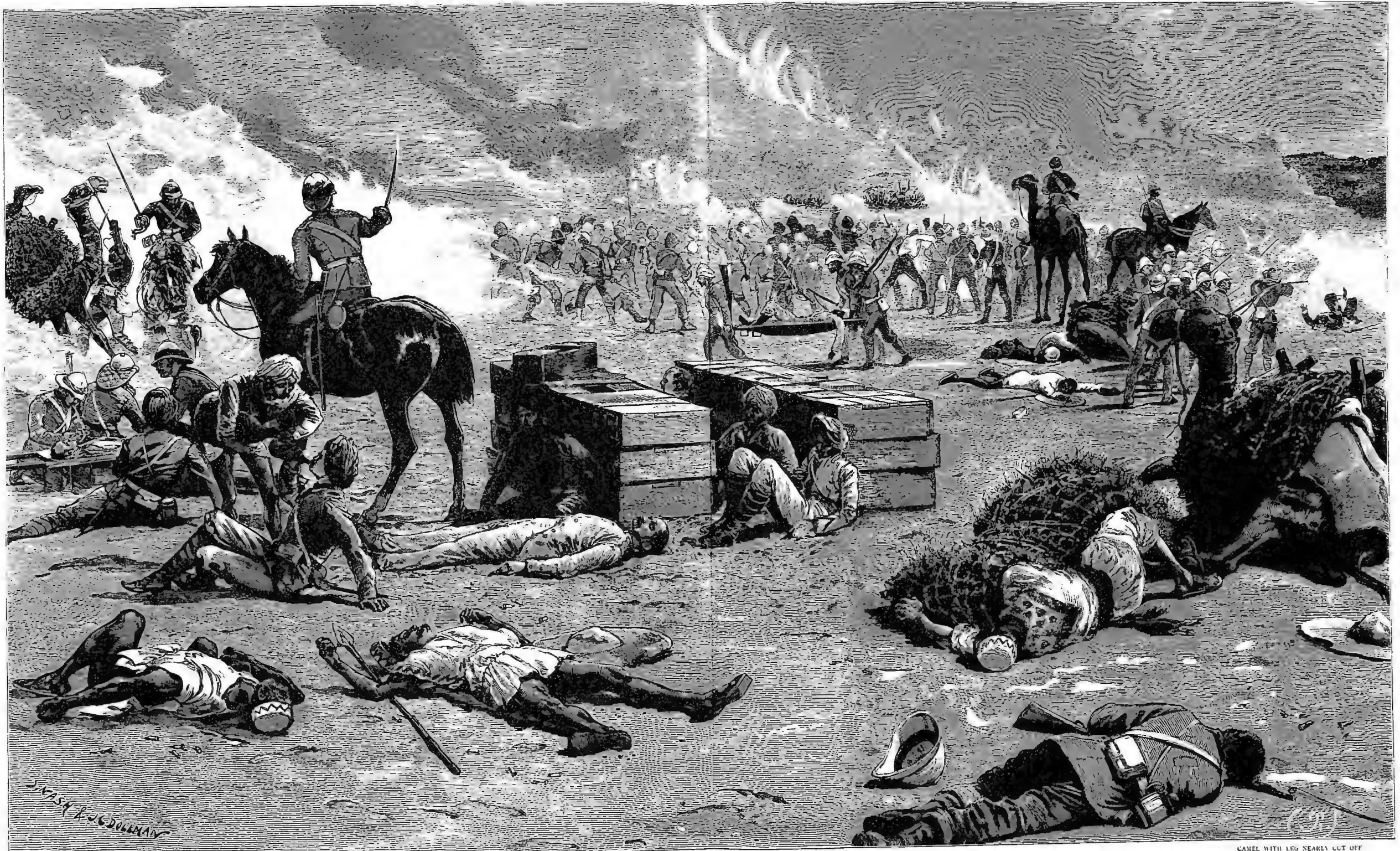


SMALL PARTY OF INFANTRY MOVING IN REAR OF LINE

POORBEARS AND BRITISH INFANTRY

HON. GUY DAWNAY, M.P.

BRITISH INFANTRY AND SEPOYS ADVANCING FIRING



AMMUNITION BOXES AGAINST WHICH LEAN WOUNDED SEPOYS

CAMEL WITH LEG NEARLY CUT OFF

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—THE REPULSE OF THE ATTACK ON BAKER'S ZERIBA. MARCH 22  
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. C. E. FRIPP, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL GRAHAM



and duty attempting to live out her own life amidst base surroundings. When the curtain falls Berta appears to have failed in the unequal struggle. She surrenders her happiness at the call of duty, and has to succumb to the tyrannical weaknesses of her miserable father. A summary of the plot would give but little idea of the originality and power of the play. It deals boldly with some of the most delicate yet fundamental questions of sexual morality; and the fact that such a play could be received with applause night after night in Scandinavian theatres is significant of the very high level of culture of Norwegian and Swedish audiences. In London it could not compete for a week with melodrama and opera-bouffe. Mrs. Edgren is a skilful writer, and she has the dramatic faculty. She is an exponent of those ideas we are accustomed vaguely to call "modern;" but her chief characteristics are her enthusiastic feeling for morality, and her deep sense of the momentous consequences flowing from all human acts.

The theosophists have suffered a number of attacks lately, yet they seem to flourish all the same. If they can survive Madame Coulomb's exposure they can survive anything. It is not therefore to be expected that they will be extinguished by their latest opponent, John Murdoch, LL.D., who has been at the pains of compiling a pamphlet called "Theosophy Unveiled" (Madras: The Tract Depot, Memorial Hall Compound). Dr. Murdoch's work is not strikingly bright or able, but as slogging, controversial stuff it will serve. He scores points now and then; but his effect is usually gained by abuse, dogmatic assertion, or laboured inuendo. Perhaps the theosophists deserve no better treatment; but if Dr. Murdoch hopes to convince either theosophists or spiritualists that they are wrong he will have to reason more and dogmatise less. He says that Houdin gives a full explanation of ghost illusions and spirit raps; yet Houdin in two published letters said concerning certain "spiritualistic" phenomena: "The more I reflect upon these facts, the more impossible I find it to rank them among those which belong to my art and profession," and other celebrated conjurers have expressed similar opinions. Dr. Murdoch's explanation of so-called "spirit raps" is, too, quite puerile. We are very far from saying that theosophy and spiritualism are true; only that they cannot satisfactorily be refuted by persons with no acquaintance with the phenomena of either.

The directions in "Ecarté," by "Aquarius" (W. H. Allen and Co.), are unusually clear; and the learner will have no difficulty in picking up the rules of the game from this little book. By playing through the examples at the end, a good idea of the game will be acquired. The rest, of course, can only follow by practice.

Among recent additions to the series of admirably printed little books of American fiction issued by Mr. David Douglas of Edinburgh are "The Lady or the Tiger? and Other Stories," by Frank R. Stockton, and "An Echo of Passion," by George Parsons Lathrop.

Mr. Paxton Hood's "Oliver Cromwell" (Hodder and Stoughton) has passed into a second edition. It may be presumed therefore that it has its public, and that it has made its success. It is in truth not at all a dull book. The view is Carlyle's; and the style, it may be remarked, is sometimes Carlyle's also. This is a blemish, and perhaps the only one worth mentioning.

### THEATRICAL BENEFITS

THE actor's benefit is a thing of the past, and, for the dignity of the profession, it is a subject for congratulation rather than otherwise that it is so. Yet only a few years back it was to the provincial actor the goal of all his efforts. The leading man and the low comedian were the principal *beneficiaires*, and if they were what was called good workers, from the day they entered upon a new engagement they began to pave the way for the (to them) great event of the season. Benefit-making was rather an expensive process, and it is questionable whether the actor did not spend nearly as much money at times in the working as he gained in the end. Much of the conviviality with which the profession has been reproached must be referred to this cause; after the rehearsal there were certain taverns or hotels to be visited, where certain "fellows" who were supposed to be good for so many tickets, were to be found, or probably "the fellows" were waiting for their favourite at the stage-door. When the performance was over there was an adjournment to the smoking-room of the theatrical house, there to meet other good fellows who were also good for tickets, and if Hamlet or Touchstone went home to his wife at one, two, or three o'clock in the morning—for there was no early closing in those days—a little unsteady upon his legs, and a little thick in his utterance, he would meet her reproaches with, "Making my benefit, dear; met half-a-dozen splendid fellows, each of them good for half-a-sovereign's worth of tickets at least." This defence usually soothed the uxorial irritation, for the wives had a religious belief that everything must give way to the one all-important object.

Out of doors the actor "worked" his pit and boxes, on the stage he "worked" his gallery; the tragedian ranted, the comedian gagged to curry favour with the gods, who always crammed their Olympus to support a favourite. In the North there were dirty hands to shake and pewter pots that had been passed to half-a-dozen mouths to drink out of—and fill again. "Soop, lad, soop," was the hospitable cry whenever the favourite crossed the carousers of his humble admirers; and "soop" he had to, however much his stomach might revolt against it, on the penalty of offending the horny-handed sons of toil, and making them enemies instead of friends. If brother actors found fault with the low comedian for raising laughs during a serious scene, with the tragedian for taking up too much of the centre of the stage, the invariable answer was "I've got my benefit to make."

As the season drew towards a close the working and the drinking grew harder and harder. As a rule, the manager gave about nine days' notice, and from the moment the day was fixed the *beneficiaire* thought of nothing else; he absented himself from rehearsal, he hurried over his performance, and morning, noon, and night he was scouring the town with a pocketful of tickets and bills, which he scattered broadcast in shops, public-houses, among private friends, or any one with whom he had the slightest acquaintance; every person he met he must stand glasses to, and in every tavern he entered he must call for something whether he drank it or not. It was an anxious time, so much depended upon that one night; there were debts to be paid, new clothes to be bought, money "to get out of the town" with, and failure would be most disastrous.

When the eventful day at length came, the first thought in the morning was the weather. The blind was drawn aside and looks cast up at the sky, for in the provinces a wet night is fatal to the theatre. During the day a number of disappointments would be sure to drop in; tickets would be returned with polite notes; "So sorry—shall not be able to come to-night—business—death in the family, &c.—my wife has pricked her finger with her needle, &c." "And I made as sure of these people as though I had got the money in my pocket," would be the comment of the chagrined player. And it always was the people who had been most profuse in their promises who did disappoint.

During the afternoon there would be a last round to see how the tickets were going at the different places where they had been left, so as to form an estimate of the chances. The *beneficiaire* would go down to the theatre very early, and as he entered would cast anxious glances at the doors; the sight of a little knot of people round the gallery and pit would raise his spirits, while the absence

of such indications would sink him to the lowest depths of despair. As soon as the doors were opened he would glue his eye to the little hole in the baize curtain and begin reckoning the house; if the pit and gallery were filled, the next anxiety was the boxes; there were promises enough to fill them twice over, but the fulfilment was another thing. Sometimes the house came up to the actor's fullest expectations, sometimes it was worse than his worst anticipations. There were so many circumstances over which he had no control to make or mar it.

The principal ladies of the company, that is to say, the leading lady and the chambermaid, usually took benefits; they, of course, as a rule, had to depend mainly upon their professional attractions; yet occasionally, especially if they were married ladies, they were as indefatigable workers as the men; the landladies where they lodged were expected to solicit all their friends, the tradespeople where they dealt were expected to take pit tickets; then there would be some wealthy patrons who, on the occasion of a solitary visit to the theatre to see some London star or give a bespeak, had expressed himself greatly pleased with the lady's acting, to wait upon. In the old days such patrons have been known to take five pounds' worth of tickets. If the lady were married, a couple of children, dressed in their best, would sometimes accompany her, to excite the sympathy of other matrons. Strong-minded females, who did not care for snubs, if there were anything to be made by them, have been known, with a little basket or bag full of tickets upon their arm, to make a house-to-house visitation. It required some strength of mind to encounter the risk of meeting serious people who held the theatre in abhorrence, the familiar contempt and rude questions of others who regarded actors as the outcasts of society. Benefit-making was altogether a degrading business, necessitating servility, a pandering to the worst tastes of the audience, and a casting aside of all self-respect. The fawning an actor had to go through at times, and the amount of insult, covert or open, he had to swallow to sell a few shillings' worth of tickets were a degradation to humanity. Between the first and second piece he was expected to thank his "kind patrons" for their support in such a strain that each person who had expended sixpence upon the performance should imagine that he had conferred an indelible favour by his presence. In the old times, half-a-century ago, he was expected to lead on his wife and children to curtsy their thanks as well; and there is a story told of an actor whose wife on one of these occasions was very ill, but fearful of omitting the expected ceremony, he carried her before the footlights upon his back!

It must not be supposed, however, that all actors who took benefits went through such an experience as we have described. There were those who would never solicit, but who depended entirely upon the appreciation they won by their talents; as a rule, however, they came off second best, and were no great favourites with the manager, who liked the people who could force a house and bring to the theatre those who would not have come under any other conditions. The usual terms were one-third clear, and out of this the actor had to find bills and tickets, and all extra expenses; so the manager took ninepence out of every shilling, and as he always gave the benefits at the fag end of the season, when business was at the lowest ebb, and, unless a stipulation to the contrary was inserted in the engagement, on one of the worst nights of the week, he frequently pocketed as many ninepences as he would otherwise have taken pennies. A half-clear benefit was rarely given; sometimes the actor shared after so much—fifteen, twenty, thirty pounds—according to the size of the theatre. Then for the smaller fry there were ticket nights, which sometimes paid better than benefits, since there were no extra expenses, and the actor took as his share half of every ticket he sold that came into the house, and the whole of those that did not; generous patrons would take so many and tear them up to secure him the entire profits. The benefit system was never much practised in London, except among actors of high standing, who had no need to forfeit their self-respect to secure public patronage. And with the rise of salaries it is gradually disappearing in the provinces. In the days, however, when the salaries of leading people ranged from five-and-twenty to five-and-thirty shillings, or two pounds, without such helps the country actor could not have lived.

H. B. B.



MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—Replete with devotional feeling are the words of a sacred song, "The Angel and the Lilies," by Mrs. Hernaman; they are set to appropriate music by Alfred Redhead. Published in two keys, F and D.—A simple song in waltz time is "Twas Not So Long Ago," written and composed by "Brunella" and Henry Logé.—We expected something less utterly commonplace from Georg Asch than "The British Volunteers March," the only charm of which is its well got-up frontispiece.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Lieder und Gesänge" is the collective title of six songs composed by Gerard F. Cobb for a baritone or mezzo-soprano. No. I., "Vöglein auf dem Grünen Zweig," is the prettiest of the group; No. II., "Du Liebes Auge, willst dich tauchen," words by Otto Roquette; and No. III., "Bitte," poetry by Lenau, are simple and singable; No. IV., "O Wind That Blows Out of the West," translated into German by C. Waldstein from the English of C. R. Dorr, is the most ambitious of the series; No. V. bears the sad title of "The Death-Bed." The words by Hood are skilfully translated into German by C. Waldstein, who has done equally as well by Bryant's poetry, "The Morn Hath Not the Glory that It Wore," a very pathetic address to the memory of his wife (No. VI.) (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—"At Heaven's Gate" is a very charming song, the authorship of which is modestly concealed under the figurative sign of "Three Stars," the music by R. Randolph Arndell.—A song which will draw many a tear, to be followed by a smile, from our fishermen, their wives, and children, is "Father's Boat," written and composed by Arthur Chapman and Henry Pontet. This song, published in C and F, will take well at a Popular Concert (Messrs. E. Ascherberg and Co.).—A song for the spring is "The Cuckoo's Song," written and composed by William C. Newsam (Messrs. Reid Bros.).—"The Knights of Old" is a cheerful and spirited song of medium compass, written and composed by Kennersley Lewis (Messrs. Cramer, Wood, and Co.).—Of the same somewhat boastful type is "War Song," words by R. J. H. Parkinson, M.A., music by W. Terence Jenkins (Messrs. Wood and Co.).—One of H. W. Longfellow's sweetly flowing poems, "Stay, Stay at Home, My Heart, and Rest," has been very gracefully set to music by Eleanor Robertson (Messrs. Forsyth Bros.).—The very name of Gordon is enough to awaken an interest in anything to which it is attached. "A Song of Gallant Gordon" cannot fail to attract notice by its elaborately got-up portrait of the hero of Khartoum, but neither the words nor the music, the former by R. P. Scott, the latter by Emil Leonardi, are calculated to keep up the interest which the subject should arouse (Messrs. W. J. Willcocks and Co.).—"Sonatina for the Organ," by Arthur B. Plant, and "Reverie for the Organ," by A. E. Tozer, are both meritorious works, and will prove useful to amateurs and professional players (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"Marche Soudanese,"

by May Ostlere, is a showy descriptive *morceau* for the pianoforte, after the style of the once so popular "Battle of Prague." It will find favour with many in these warlike times (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—"Cymbeline Gavotte," by J. Aloysius Hoggett, is a very fair specimen of its school (Messrs. Amos and Co.).—Five sets of waltzes are chiefly noteworthy for their frontispieces; the music of all is more or less feeble, and lacking in originality. Best of the group, and prettiest of the faces, is "Vanessa," by Erskine Allon (City Music Publishing Company). Next in merit comes "The Midnight Valse," by Arthur D. Pocock (Messrs. J. Pocock and Son); whilst "Memory of Love Valse," by Louis F. Goddard (Messrs. Goddard and Co.), "Only Thine Valse," by Charles K. Rolla (Messrs. Francis Bros. and Day), and "The 21st Valse," by J. S. Foley (W. H. Ross), bear a strong family likeness one to the other.—Volume II. of "The Bandmaster's Guide," by Palgrave Simpson, is a clever work, admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is written, and will prove of great assistance to conductors who are forming bands, either small or great (Messrs. Boosey and Co.).

### CANOEING IN FIJI

ALTHOUGH canoes are so seldom chosen as a mode of transit by the European, there are perhaps few speedier, more comfortable, and, in the long run, safer ways of voyaging in the Tropics. Take Fiji, for example. Here we have to take our choice between the wretched accommodation of a trader's small cutter or schooner, abounding in cockroaches and nothing else (for the Fiji skipper trusts entirely to his passengers for provisions), with sails made from cheap, unbleached calico, and consequently better suited to court than to resist the "balmy breeze," and with the additional advantage thrown in of "a thorough knowledge of every reef in the group," which latter recommendation he is pretty sure to practically illustrate more than once before you reach your journey's end.

I remember on one occasion, when I had engaged a berth on a flat-bottomed, barnacle-stuck old ketch, being severely rated (rated means "sworn at," in Fiji) by the captain for coming on board a few minutes late, when on my apologising, and remarking that as I had paid for my passage in advance I thought that he would not have troubled to wait for me, he promptly answered, "Why, how in the devil's name could I get under way without you? It takes four men to get the anchor up, and we have only three on board!"

I was also rather horrified, a few hours later, at seeing the same gentleman very coolly and deliberately remove the hoops from one of my beef casks, and hand several portions of its contents to the cook to prepare for dinner. This, however, I bore without a murmur, knowing that, had I protested, I should have had nothing but "square" yams to eat myself. Besides, it was the custom. I did grumble just a little though when, on arriving at my destination, the audacious skipper insisted upon including in his bill for freightage the very cask, now quite empty, that had kept both himself and crew in food during the whole voyage.

These are not exaggerated statements. In Fiji one has frequently to work one's passage, pay for it, and provide provisions for all hands.

This being the case one can readily imagine why I give my vote in favour of canoes. In canoeing, that is if you intend to make a long voyage, the chief difficulty is to get a canoe of the exact size required. A very small canoe will not answer the purpose, as you have, in many cases, to keep well away from the land when rounding different points, because of the heavy surf from the reefs, whilst a too large canoe would necessitate employing a large crew.

Your next consideration is whether to have a single or a double canoe. For my own part I prefer the former, for although more crank than a double canoe, it has two very great advantages—it sails closer to the wind, and is not so liable to become separated from the outrigger in heavy weather. Eighteen feet is a convenient length, and in one of this size I have more than once made a complete circuit of the island of Vanua Levu, the second largest island in the group. Ten dollars was the price of my craft—not a very large sum to pay for a vessel that is to take oneself and a crew of three a distance of 300 miles.

A gun, a couple of changes, a tin of biscuits, a case of brandy (I used to call this my "ballast"), to insure a welcome wherever I went, and a mosquito screen (for bitter experience had taught me not to rely upon other people in this particular), comprised my sole cargo, for I could always purchase fish, fowl, and vegetables at any of the native towns. My greatest trouble was always the commencement of my voyage, as I had then to round a point called Nai Cobo Cobo, and popularly supposed to be the resting-place of departed souls.

Fijians, who have a deep-rooted objection to being looked up by their deceased ancestors, can seldom be induced to round this point without offering up a prayer, and their devotions sometimes took so very long that my canoe was almost on the rocks before I could arouse them to a sense of their mundane duties, and persuade them to make a tack in time to save us from joining the departed ones.

No one can imagine what excitement there is in putting a canoe about, and yet it is a most simple process. Practically speaking it is this. The mast (sail and all) is removed from one end of the canoe to the other, and what was formerly the bow of the canoe now becomes the stern, the helmsman of course changing his position. It is the simplest thing in the world, yet, as a matter of fact, one can never prevail upon a native crew to put about a native canoe without almost swamping it, and losing at least half your paddles and poles. In the first place your crew will all yell at the same time; then there is always a squabble about who shall catch hold of the mast, which usually ends in their all catching hold of it at the same time. Then there is no man at the helm, but you dare not call attention to the fact for fear of there being a general rush in that direction, which would end in the mast difficulty being entirely set at rest by its being allowed to fall overboard. It is rather hard to tell what to do with oneself all this time, especially if you are of an excitable temperament.

An old "canoeist" recommends the following plan:—"Settle yourself comfortably in the bottom of the canoe, and remain there quietly and passively until all the bustle is over (for your advice will never be taken). Try and notice, meanwhile, who makes the most noise, and when you are well under way again, 'go for' that gentleman's shins with a paddle or thick boot; it will probably do him no good, but it will go a long way towards restoring your own equanimity."

Another man whom I knew used to say, with reference to canoeing, that he never found himself in one without wishing he had his dear little wife with him—until the tacking part came, when he would have preferred to substitute his mother-in-law. Taking the good with the evil, however, I think there are many worse things than canoeing, and being mutilated by cockroaches, poisoned with bad food, and suffocated by bad smells, is one of them.

And to those who prefer a wet jacket to the above-mentioned evils, I strongly recommend the canoe.

F. E. D.

A MARVELLOUS MONSTER SPIDER has been caught in Japan evidently a relic of the mythical ages, when insects were large enough to slay human beings. It was found by a farmer whilst digging a pond, and its body is 1 ft. 7 in. wide, while it measures 5 ft. 9 in. across the legs—at least, so says the *Japan Weekly Mail*.



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From JAMES O. SINCLAIR, Esq., Conductor of Saint Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, and Assistant to Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, Mus. D., Professor of Music in Edinburgh University.  
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Mr. JAS. SIMPSON, 117, Windmill Street, Motherwell, N.B., Feb. 23rd, 1884.  
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From JAMES M'KNAUGHT, Esq., Conductor of Psalmody, U.P. Church, Wighton, N.B.—Agnes Crescent, Wigtown, N.B., 6th September, 1884.  
Dear Sir.—At the first meeting of our choir I introduced the Ammoniaphone, and having used it myself, I asked the ladies to use it, which they did. They afterwards sang a piece, and I was much surprised and very much pleased at the increased volume and sweetness of sound. The ladies say they sang much easier. I use it regularly myself. It only requires to be known to be used by all singers and public speakers.  
"GLASGOW HERALD," Jan. 21, 1884.—"The cultivation of the voice by the use of the 'Ammoniaphone,' with inhalations of 'artificial Italian air,' formed the subject of the lecture in the Free Church Hall on Tuesday night. There was a large attendance. The lecture was highly interesting, and the choir, under the conductorship of Mr. Harvey, performed many pieces before and after the use of the 'Ammoniaphone.' The effects of the inhalation of the artificial Italian air were at once observed to be a great improvement in power, volume, and beauty of tone."  
"CHRISTIAN WORLD," September 11th, 1884.—"Dr. Carter Moffat, a cousin of the late revered Robert Moffat, the missionary, has recently been perfecting an instrument which he calls the 'Ammoniaphone,' the design of which is to improve the voice by sending into the lungs 'artificial Italian air.' We have heard of an instance in which Dr. Carter Moffat's Ammoniaphone was tried by the members of a Church Choir with advantageous results."

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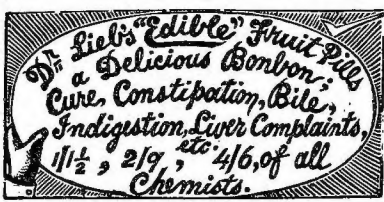
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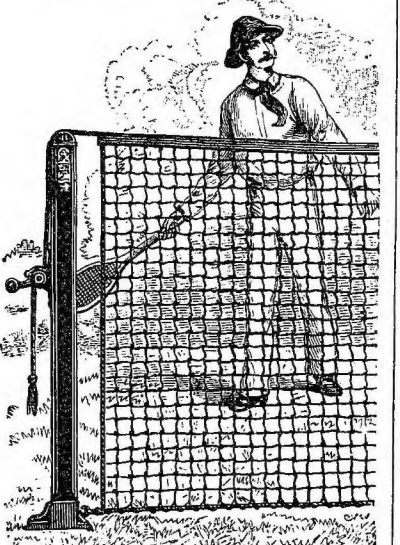
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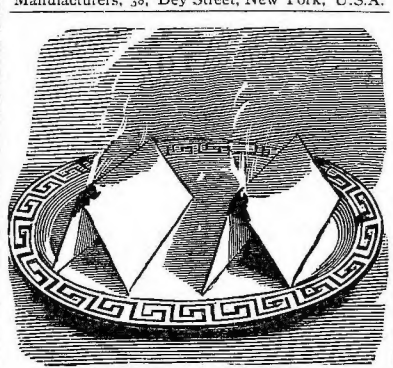
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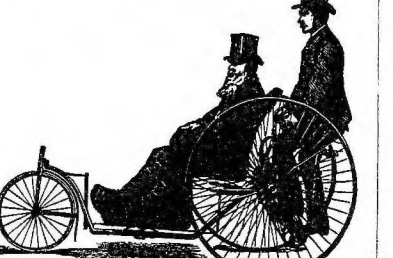
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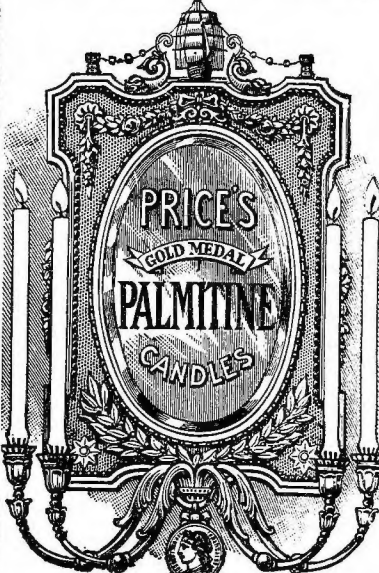
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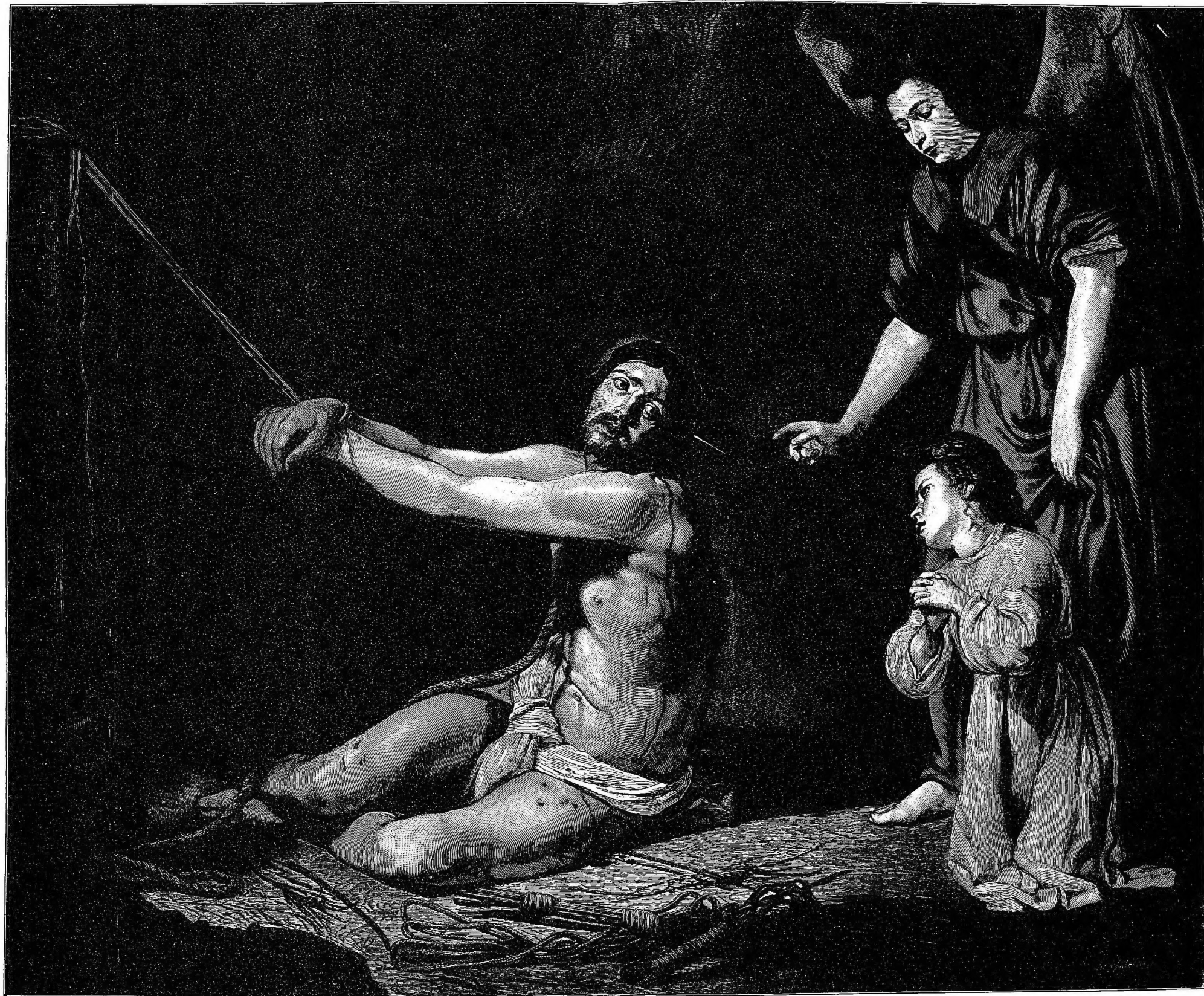
GREEN Thread, 3s.; Orange Tooth-Paste, for removing Tartar, 4s. 6d.; Suez Tooth-Brushes, 1s. 6d. Free by Parcels Post and all Chemists.

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Printed for the Proprietors, at 12, Milford Lane, by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—APRIL 18, 1883.







"CHRIST AT THE COLUMN"

FROM THE PICTURE BY VELASQUEZ, PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY SIR JOHN SAVILE LUMLEY, K.C.B



# THE WRECK OF THE NASSIF-EL-KHAIR

OUR Special Artist writes from Debbeh as follows, under date March 9, 1885:—"Just at this moment the loss of the *Nassif-el-Khair* is a most serious one, for she had been lately used as an hospital ship conveying the sick and wounded as far as Dongola on their journey to Lower Egypt. It has been doubtful for some time whether she would be able to do much more service on the river, as the Nile has been gradually decreasing in volume till some places, which but a week or two ago were clean reaches, are now studded with sand-banks and rocks. We left Korti on the 2nd with six sick and wounded. Major Poe, of the Marine Light Infantry, had suffered amputation of the right leg; he was placed on the deck in the after part of the vessel. We also had on board some Egyptian soldiers and Greek merchants—about sixty souls all told. We steamed on in safety till about sixteen miles from Mandak, when suddenly we felt three successive shocks vibrate through the vessel. Some of us were round poor Poe's bed to save it from tilting over when Dr. MacIver came up and said the ship's boat had been ordered to be manned, and the wounded must be taken off. I then knew it was not a sand-bank, but something more serious. On going forward I found the engine-room filling with water. The vessel began gradually to pivot round and tilt over to starboard. The wounded were being rapidly placed in the boat, and Colonel Webber, C.B., who happened to be a passenger, was placed in charge. A few Greeks tried to rush the boat, so the Colonel asked me to stand by the ladder and keep them off. At last Major Poe was safely placed in the whar. The Kroomen pushed away. The water was now rapidly gaining on us, and the order was given to prepare for a swim, but that no man was to go overboard till the word was given. A life-belt was given to me, so most of us stayed and prepared for the worst. Presently she made a tremendous lurch over, and the water bubbled up through the after-cabins and engine-room. Immediately some twenty men in the after part of the vessel sprang on to the bulwarks and jumped overboard. Having had the experience



OUR ARTIST'S SECOND ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE WATERS OF THE NILE—HE BECOMES AN OBJECT OF COMPASSION

only two months back of being under a boat, and with difficulty ever coming to the surface, I would not let it occur this time, so I followed suit. Unfortunately, my life-buoy was too small. I could only get my head and right arm in it; and, to add to my misfortune, a strong breeze sprang up, beating the river into little wavelets that chopped round all points of the compass. Soon finding it impossible to gain the shore, the current being too strong, I was carried down the river, shifting from point to point by the strength of the water. Trying to keep the wavelets from choking me as they washed over my face, and struggling to gain the shore, I was eventually washed on to a point two miles from the wreck. The natives stood staring at me from the land, but offering no assistance till I sank in the sand exhausted, after one hour and a quarter's immersion, at the foot of a saki-yeh, or irrigation wheel. Then a nigger, tearing a piece of straw rope from the machinery, threw it towards me, and dragged me up on to the bank, when a number of natives, ladies included, came to see the queer fish cast up upon their shores. When the burning sun warmed me into life, and I began to move, the ladies ran away, much to my relief; for a flannel shirt may be superfluous attire for a native, but for a modern Englishman it was, to say the least, not so comfortable or amenable to discipline as a Roman toga. The natives were very kind. I rested with them an hour, and then they led me down to the shore opposite the wreck, where I found that the *Lotos* had arrived on the spot, she having been a few hours behind us. Lieut. Stanhope's boat was taking off the sick and wounded to his ship. I travelled in her as far as the barren island, whereon the wrecked crew had assembled, and were getting off stores from the *Nassif-el-Khair*, which still had her stern above water, having settled down on the rock that wrecked her. Unfortunately, in the struggle to gain the shore, three Englishmen of the Transport Corps and one native soldier were drowned. Nothing could be better than the quick and quiet way Dr. MacIver managed to get off the wounded. He has been twice wrecked in five months, for he was the doctor in charge of the ill-fated *Girch*. F. V."



FIVE MINUTES AFTER STRIKING—"SAUVE QUI PEUT"

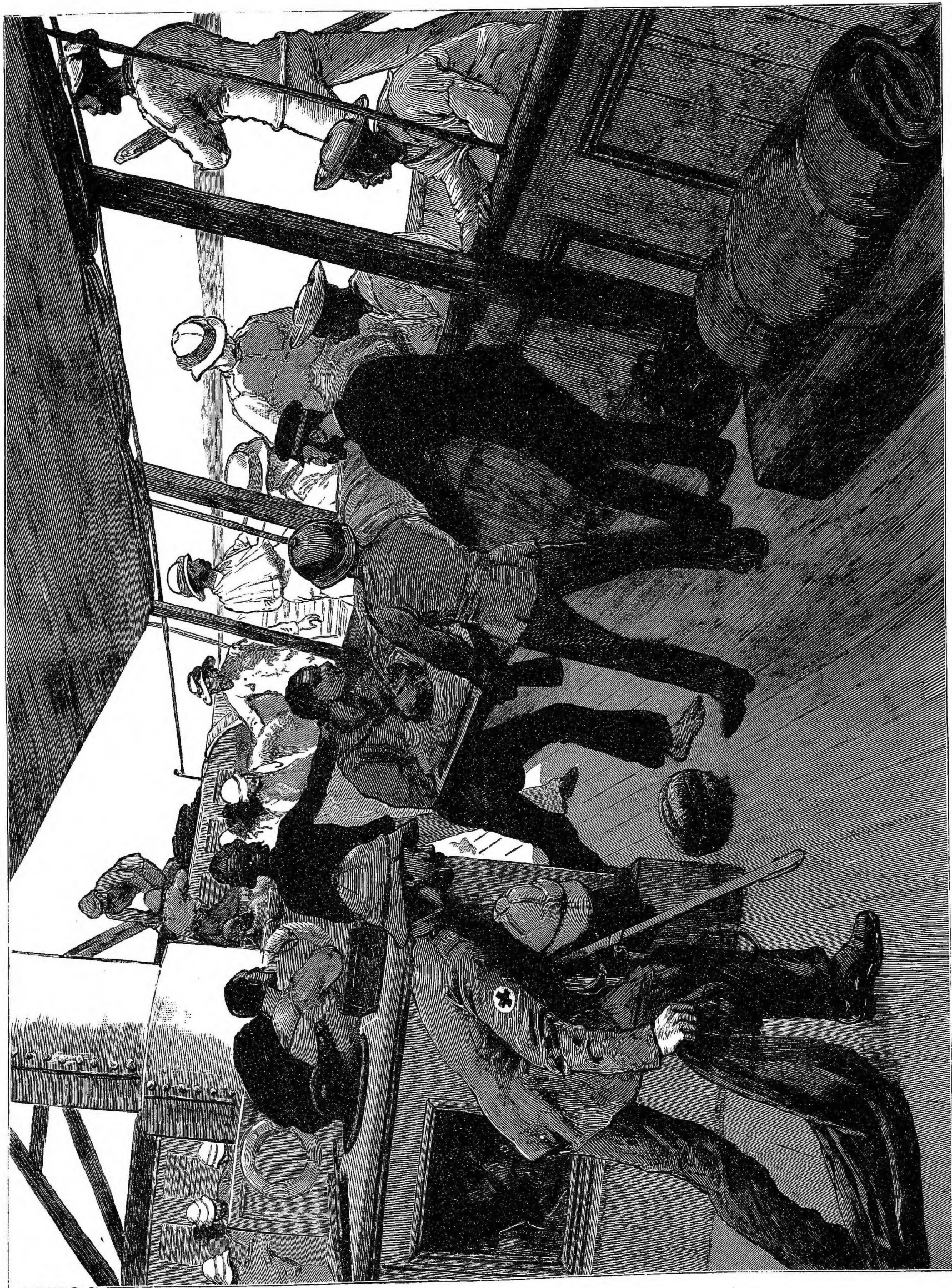
THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—THE WRECK OF THE "NASSIF-EL-KHAIR," WITH SICK AND WOUNDED ON BOARD, BETWEEN KORTI AND DONGOLA

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



Lieut. Colville

Dr. Melver Major Webber



SAVING THE SICK AND WOUNDED—MAJOR FOE BEING CARRIED OVERBOARD TO A BOAT

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—THE WRECK OF THE "NASSIF-EL-KHAIR," WITH SICK AND WOUNDED ON BOARD, BETWEEN KORTI AND DONGOLA  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS